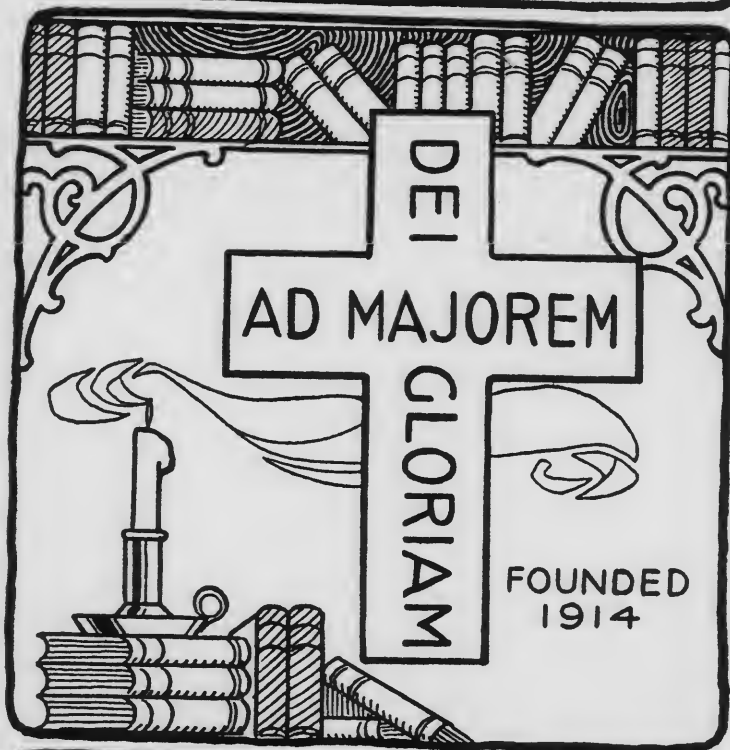


GATHERINGS
FROM
THE PIT-HEAPS
OR
THE ALLENS OF SHINEY-ROW.

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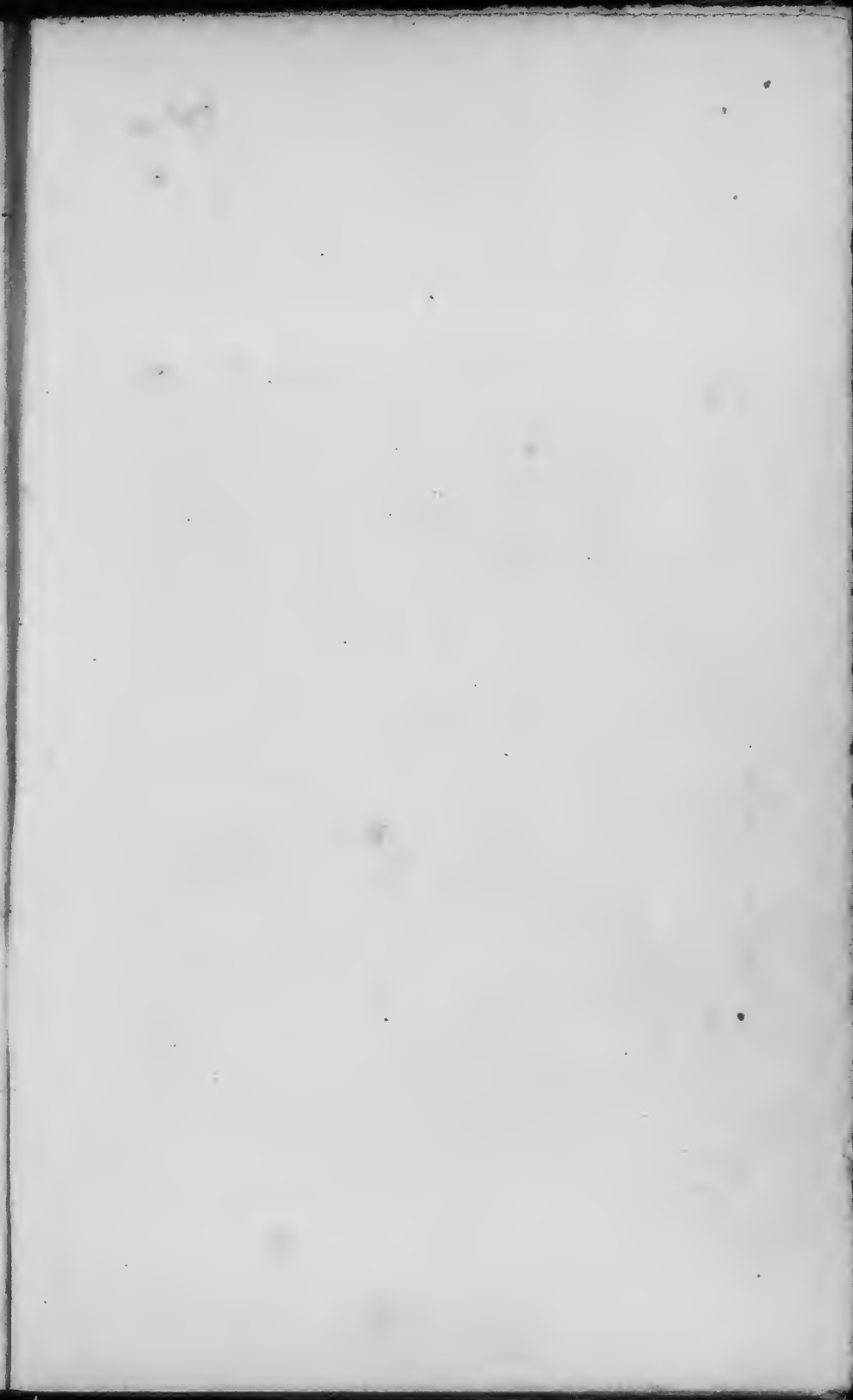


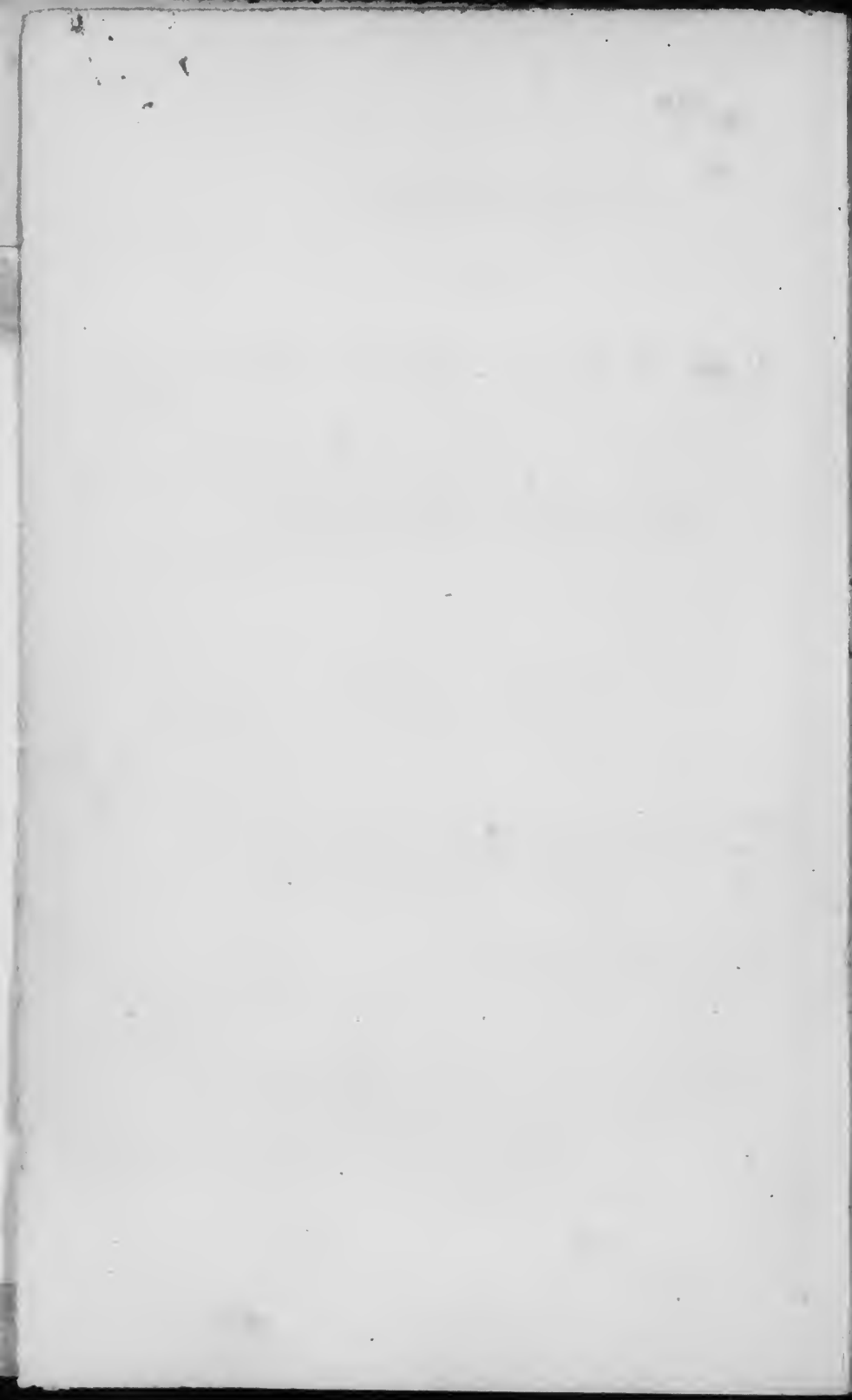
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GATHERINGS

FROM

THE PIT - HEAPS:

OR,

THE ALLENS OF SHINEY-ROW.

BY

COLEMAN COLLIER.

Everett

HE brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.—DAVID, Ps. xl. 2.
Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth.—NATHANIEL, John i. 46.
Come and see.—JOHN, Rev. vi. 1.

LONDON:

HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

BARKAS AND WILSON, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE;

HILL AND BURNETT, SUNDERLAND;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1861.

"A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does ; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy ; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forward, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs ; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colours were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colours."—CHEEVER.

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

Explicatory.

A VENERABLE MAN, decently attired, and of grave and thoughtful aspect, walked into our office one day; and, after a few words by way of introduction, spake as follows:—

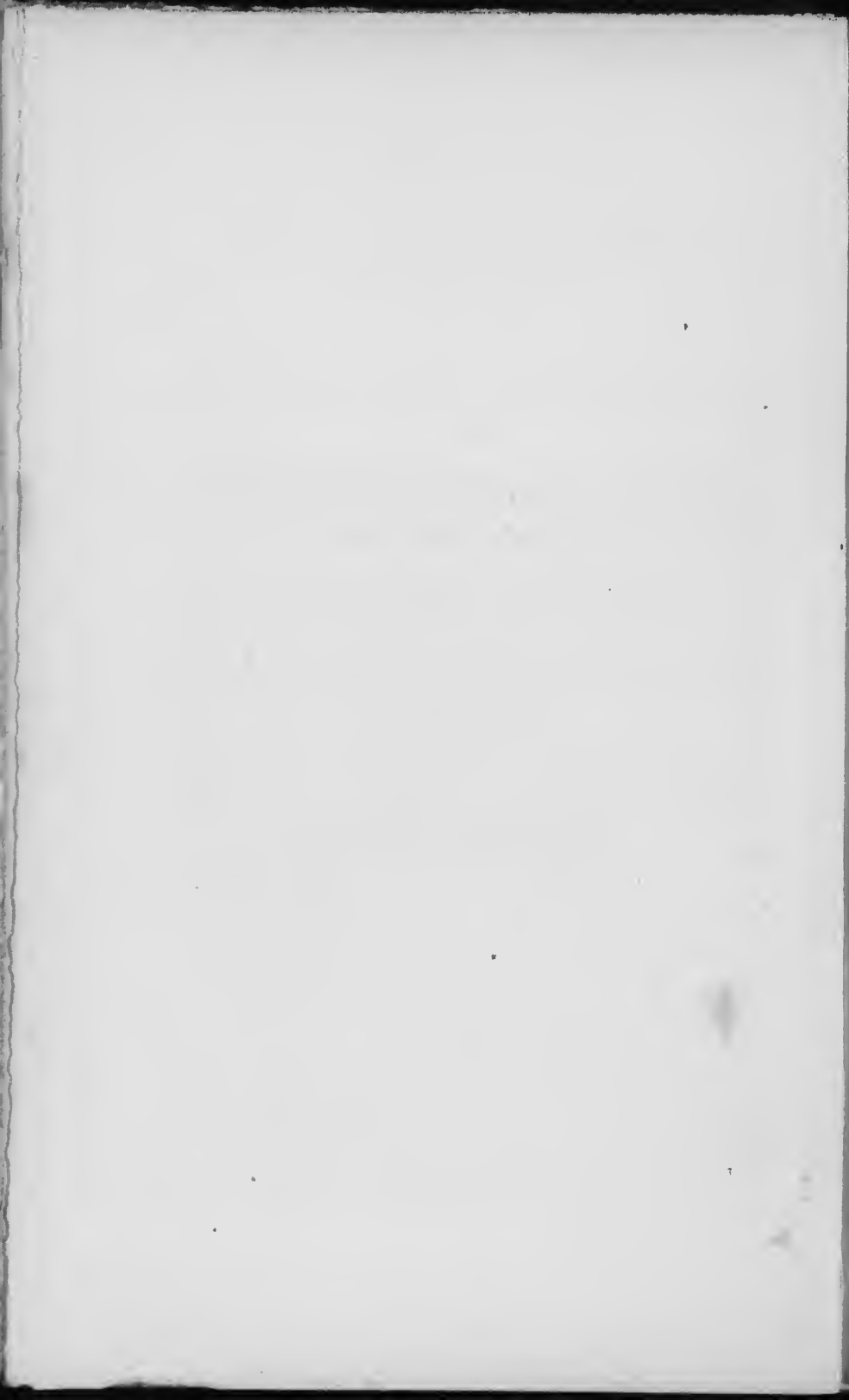
“I perceive by your sign-board that you print here. I am somewhat in the position of the apostle Peter when he said,—‘silver and gold have I none;’ yet, like him, I am anxious to do a little good before I leave the world, and think that perhaps you may be willing to aid me in my purpose. I have a work here,”—holding in his hand a parcel folded in paper,—“which, should you, on perusing it, deem it likely to be of use to those for whose benefit it was written, you are welcome to put it to press; if otherwise, you are equally at liberty to put it into the fire. I have no wish for gain; nor yet am I willing to risk loss; and as I may be mistaken as to the market value of the work, I now submit it to your more practised judgment. JOHN WESLEY published an edition of ‘The Fool of Quality, or Henry Earl of Morland.’ Brooks, the author of that work of fiction, wished to benefit his countrymen in the upper ranks of Society; my object is to benefit the humble dwellers among Coals and Coal Mines,—those who literally as well as figuratively may be said to occupy the lower ranks—the underground walks of life. He chose ‘The Fool of Quality’ as his theme, in order that Fools in the Upper Classes might be made wise. I have chosen as my subject, The Vicious from among the Lowly, in order that the Lowly may be made good. As to the

ability displayed, it does not become me to speak; you must be the judge. I may state, however, that whilst the work of Brooks is one of imagination, this"—again holding out his hand with the parcel—"this, with its chapter and verse, is matter of fact; for its statements I can vouch, having been familiarly acquainted with the Pit Districts upwards of half a century."

So saying, he left the premises, indifferent, apparently, as to the issue. On opening the parcel, we found a M.S. composed of patches and shreds, many of them pasted on slips of paper, and evidently written at different periods, up to 1861, but showing something like unity, and all directed to one common end. The name "Coleman Collier," is evidently adopted for the sake of the subject,—“Collier” chiming in with Collieries and Pits; and “Coleman” with Pitmen and Coals. We suspect, therefore, that it is a mere *nom de plume*, and not the author's real name. We soon discovered—what indeed from the first we had surmised—that our author was a disciple of the venerable WESLEY, who, in his day, laboured so zealously and successfully to promote the moral and spiritual improvement of the same class of our countrymen. But whoever the author may be, he has no cause to be ashamed either of his object or his work; and we trust that the Public will so fully appreciate both, as to enable us to present him with a handsome surplus, the result of the sale of the work, should he again favour us with a visit. If not, and should we see his face no more, he will find—should the book in print fall in his way—that there has been no unwillingness to aid him in his benevolent object, as there has been no fear of risk, on the part of

THE PRINTER.

TO
THE COAL-PIT OWNERS, COLLIERY AGENTS, AND PITMEN,
OF THE WEAR AND TYNE,
THESE GATHERINGS FROM THE PIT-HEAPS,
IN THE HOPE THAT MENTALLY, MORALLY, AND
RELIGIOUSLY,
THEY MAY MINISTER ILLUMINATION AND COMFORT,
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY
THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.

THE history, as recorded in the following pages, embraces a period of eighty years, commencing in 1750, and ending somewhere about 1830.

At the earliest of these periods, the coal-fields on the WEAR were not so extensively worked as those on the TYNE. In 1773, there were only thirteen collieries on the Tyne; in the year 1800, there were upwards of thirty. In 1828, they had increased to forty-one on the Tyne, and eighteen on the Wear; in all, fifty-nine: producing 5,887,552 tons of coal. The coal produce in Northumberland and Durham was, in 1854, no less than 15,420,615 tons; and now there are in Northumberland and Durham, 283 collieries: this is the number under inspection in Northumberland and South Durham. In 1854, Mr. T. Y. Hall stated the number of collieries in the Great Northern Coal-field to be about 136, the number of firms working these 80, and the number of pits for sea-sale to be about 200. The two leading owners are, the Marchioness of Londonderry and the Earl of Durham, who then owned eleven and eight respectively. Glancing over the "Mineral Statistics" issued annually from the Mining Record Office, they appear every year, to become more complete in every division, and may now (1858) be regarded as embracing every important branch of the mineral industries,—the returns of which are of special interest to the miner, the smelter, the metallurgist, the engineer, the manufacturer, and the political economist. When it is recollected, that the British miners have been searching our native rocks for metalliferous minerals, since the days

when the merchants of Tyre supplied the ancient world; and that the nation is now drawing from the earth annually, metals alone which have a market value of £20,434,270, it is impossible not to be impressed with the enormous amount of mineral wealth which has been stored up in these "far islands of the West." From the "Records of Mining and Metallurgy," we learn that the coal has been worked since 1234, in Northumberland; but at that period the quantity of fossil fuel raised must have been very small. The first "sea-borne coal," as it is termed, that went down the Tyne, was carried to Lindesfair, or Holy Island, for the use of the monastery, at the price of 2s. 6d. per chaldron.

If we divide the coal-yielding counties of Britain into four classes, so as to make nearly equal amounts of produce for each of the four, we find that Durham and Northumberland yield rather more every year than seven other counties, including Yorkshire and Derbyshire; more than another group of eight counties; and nearly as much as the whole collieries of North and South Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; the annual yield of all the latter class being about seventeen million tons, and that of the two first-named northern counties about sixteen million tons. We shall proceed to speak of these counties as comprehending the Great Northern, or, as it is more commonly but less correctly termed, the Newcastle Coal-field.*

In the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons,

* The writer is indebted for several valuable remarks to a critique in the "Quarterly Review," Oct. 1861, on the following works, as well as the works themselves:—

"*Reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Coal-Mines*," 1859.

"*Our Coal and Coal-Pits: the People in them, and the Scenes around them.*" By a Traveller Underground. 1853.

"*The Coal-Fields of Great Britain: their History, Structure, and Duration.*" By Edward Hull. 1861.

"*Transactions of the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers.*" 1852-59.

the consumption of coal in Great Britain, in the year 1827, is stated as 22,700,000 tons; in 1856, according to the "Mineral Statistics," it had increased to 66,645,450 tons. The coal-fields of the United Kingdom have been estimated by some writers, to contain an area of 12,000 square miles; but by others, among whom Dr. Rogers is one, 5,400; and various have been the estimates which have been made to determine the time required to exhaust them. It is supposed, at the present rate of consumption, according to Mr. Greaswell's calculation in 1846, the probable duration of supplies from this coal-field, rating the consumption to be ten millions of tons, or 3,773,585 Newcastle chaldrons, the whole will be exhausted in 331 years; but according to Mr. T. Y. Hall, in 1854, the whole will be consumed in 365 years. Others, at the rate of the consumption in 1861, calculate on the supplies for a period of 256 years. There are fifty-seven seams of coal in the Great Northern Coal-Field, and these vary in thickness from an inch to five feet five inches, and six feet; and they comprise an aggregate of about seventy-six feet of coal. Nearly 67,000,000 tons of coal are now (1857) raised from our collieries, which, in 1856, numbered 2,820, and in every part of the country the price of coals is advancing. Notwithstanding the introduction of coals by railway into the metropolis, in addition to the large supply by sea, the demand increases so rapidly, that the average prices for 1856 were considerably above the prices of former years. The export to foreign parts, and especially to France, from the Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland coal-fields, has been so much larger than at former periods, that the price of coal at the pit's mouth has been steadily advancing, as a natural consequence. France has opened her ports to receive British coals,—Denmark, Prussia, Italy, and Russia are British customers for both coal and coke. Egypt and the East Indies, the United States of America, Chili, Brazil, and China, are

regularly receiving our fuel, in quantities varying with each country, annually, from 33,000 tons to 250,000 tons. The demands of the ocean steamers, already large, must be greatly increased, when such huge LEVIATHANS, as the one which has just been launched, called the "GREAT EASTERN," pass from shore to shore. On the principle of taking the mean average prices of the coal at the colliery, according to Mr. Robert Hunt, before any charges for carriage have been made, or cost has been added in any way for manufacture, is £16,663,862. On the calculation of seventy millions of money representing the value of the coal raised every year at the pit mouth, it is not too much to state twenty millions, according to the writer in the "Quarterly," to be its mean value in the place of consumption, and hence the capital engaged and invested in our coal-mining trade (to say nothing of the value of the mines themselves) considerably exceeds twenty millions sterling. The amount of coal, as stated, which we annually extract, is about seventy millions of tons, indeed it is doubtful whether this is not an under-estimate. The present pecuniary results just given are based upon the estimate of sixty-six million tons. In addition to this, Mr. Hall estimates the total capital invested in the coal trade of the counties of Durham and Northumberland, including private railways, wagons, drops, (for loading the ships,) coke-ovens, and other adjuncts of such mines, at about *thirteen millions*, which vast capital may be said to have been expended by the endeavours of the coal owners of the district, solely for the purpose of obtaining coal and conveying it from the pit to the place of shipment. Taking the calculation of a working collier, (J. Ellwood, Moss Pit, near Whitehaven,) we may state, that if sixty-eight million tons of coal were excavated from a mining gallery six feet high and twelve feet wide, the gallery would be no less than 5,128 miles and 1,090 yards in length. Or, should a pyramid form be selected,

this quantity would constitute a pyramid, the square base of which would extend over forty acres, and the height of which would be 3,356 feet. There are grounds for estimating that the annual produce of the coal-fields of the world does not at present greatly exceed one hundred millions of tons, and therefore that our own country contributes more than three-fifths of the total of the world's mining labour. The general deductions arrived at from an examination of the conditions of a large number of British and foreign mines is—"That mines properly selected will yield about £14 per cent. interest on the market price, during good and bad times."

Persons interested in these matters must be referred to works specifically written on the subject, and not to a mere passing notice, as in the present instance, for full information;—to such works as have been already noticed, viz., the "Transactions of the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers;" the "History of Fossil Fuel," supposed to be written by Mr. Holland; "The Statistics of Coal," by R. C. Taylor; Dr. H. D. Rogers, on "The Coal-Fields of North America;" the Statistics of the "English Coal Mines," as officially collected by Mr. Hunt; a work published by Mr. Hull; together with the various geological disquisitions, published in different periodicals, as well as separate geological works.

There were not more than seven or eight collieries in the neighbourhood, at the time when the events recorded in the following pages occurred; say Fatfield, Lumley, Washington, &c., skirting the Wear. There were others to the west, and also on the Tyne to the north.

The colliers, a hundred years ago, were living monuments of profanity. The time between sleep and labour, was filled up with pugilistic contests, dog and cock-fighting, card-playing, quoits, pitching and tossing, bowling, and crowding the ale

bench; in short, with every species of vice, calculated to entail poverty, and debase character. No man, perhaps, has brought out the "sports and pastimes" of the inhabitants of the pit districts more vividly, distinctly, and pleasantly, than Mr. Thomas Wilson, in his "Pitman's Pay," a poem of the pit *patois*, describing, as playfully introduced in the "Athenæum," to which the writer is indebted for several remarks, as well as the "Quarterly," the prominent and peculiar features of a pitman's life, chiefly in its domestic aspects, when the rough, roystering collier, some fifty years before that time, roamed the dusky wilds in all his distinctive glory.

It was generally considered allowable, observes the reviewer, that he should have a little amusement after his own fashion; since, during his youthful toils, he passed eighteen or nineteen hours a day, for weeks together, in almost insupportable drudgery. When about the age of twenty, on becoming a hewer, his hours of toil were much shortened, but still severely trying, though only enduring eight or ten hours. What underground pit life and labour then was, can be but feebly estimated by what it now is; and while listening to the recitals of old colliers, we have wondered how poor humanity, rough and tough as it is in these Cimmerian regions, could suffer the penalties of pit work. Yet the sports of the men and lads, after work, were still rough enough, and hardly fitted for relaxation. Bowling, for instance, was a favourite amusement; and, though scarcely known at present, became quite a passion in the days of the old colliers. Traditions are still rife of the rudeness of this sport, and, as Mr. Wilson states in a note, the bowling-ground on Gateshead Fell was famous about the beginning of the present century. It ran about a mile, oddly enough, along two very long steep hills, and many a game has been loudly and keenly contested there. Both the Wear and Tyne-side men were seen here, entering into the sport with

rival feelings, each anxious to bear away the prize. Besides this general place of rendezvous, each locality had its own ground, which was generally crowded with idlers and others, during the intervals of pit toil. Mr. Wilson, adverting to the various and vicious amusements prevalent at this period, says:—

“See on their right a gambling few,
Whose every word and look display
A desperate, dark, designing crew,
Intent upon each other's pay.

“They're racers, cockers, carders, keen
As ever o'er a tankard met,
Or ever bowled a match between
The Poplin Well and Mawvin's Yett.

“On cock-fight, dog-fight, cuddy race,
Or pitch-and-toss, trippet-and-coit,
Or on a soap-tail'd grunter's chase,
They'll risk the last remaining doit.

“Here Tom, the pink of bowlers, gain'd
Himself a never-dying name,
By deeds wherein an ardour reign'd,
Which neither age nor toil could tame.

“For, labour done, and o'er his doze,
Tom took his place upon the hill;
And at the very evening's close
You faintly saw him bowling still.”

This Tom is described as the most celebrated bowler on Gateshead Fell, and the district round. He was never absent from a bowling match, whether on the Wear or the Tyne; and even when feeble with age, was frequently to be seen in the summer evenings bowling by himself. It is reported that when bringing home a coffin for one of his children, he happened to pass some young men engaged in bowling, and could not resist the temptation, but assuaged his paternal

grief by setting down the coffin and taking up the bowls. A local journal thus recorded his decease, in 1828:—"Died at the 'Black Ram,' adjoining Gateshead Low Fell, on the 3rd inst., Thomas Dixon, aged eighty-five. His wife and her brother died a few years ago at the same place,—the former nearly ninety, and the latter ninety-two. Dixon was a very eccentric character, and cuts a figure in 'The Pitman's Pay.' His great delight was in bowling, in which he invariably spent the great part of his vacant hours, as long as age would permit. But now, in the language of his favourite amusement, he will never 'stride another trig,' his last 'thraw' has been 'thrawn' without any chance of being 'called back;' and as no man had more friends to 'shew him the reet way,' we sincerely hope that in the 'match' of life now over, he will be found at last among those who 'win.'" This is rather too, light for so grave a subject; and, it is to be feared, that the antecedents of poor Tom do not furnish much ground for hope.

Gateshead Low Fell, it is stated, was once notorious for reputed witches; and Dick Taylor, a pitman, became famous by marrying "the only real witch," according to Mr. Wilson, in the Low Fell. Her name was Nell Bland, and, as the annotator declares, "she was one of those who watched the corpse of Tom Forster, the *first* time he died, and had her arm broken by being tumbled head over heels down stairs at his resurrection; for be it known, contrary to established usage, Tom died twice. After he made his exit the first time, and was laid out a decent corpse, the neighbours, according to custom, were sitting up in the same room with the body, and holding what was denominated a 'Lake Wake,' when, to their utter astonishment, they perceived the corpse gradually raising its head, until it sat upright. In a moment the room was cleared—no wonder—and the whole company, that had been the instant before enjoying themselves in such solemnity,

by cracking a few jokes to relieve the gloom, and telling stories of a lighter character, were tumbling one over the other down stairs; when poor Nell, as stated, came off with broken bones. Tom lived many years after this, and when he *really* died, was an old man." Such were the superstitions, such was the ignorance, and such the attendants of the "Lake Wakes," peculiar to coal districts.

Among the few reputed witches who remained in this vicinity, a terror to evil doers, and even to the rough, rollicking pitmen, Mr. Wilson was personally acquainted with one, of whom he quietly remarks:—"I have known one of these poor creatures, many years ago, whose power never extended further than raising a wind to blow off the roof of her neighbour's cottage, or shake his standing corn. I am aware that she was accused of more serious mischief; but how far those ill-natured accusations were true, it is difficult to say, for I never could discern anything about Mabel that would warrant them, for she was neither deformed nor ugly, (two indispensable requisites towards forming a legitimate witch), nor did I ever recognize her frisking about in any other shape than her own. In some other respects, however, she was rather a singular woman. She had a memory that retained the date of every event that had taken place for some miles round the place where she lived. She could give the day and the hour of all the births and deaths of the neighbourhood, during her time. She knew exactly, who 'came again' as she called it, after violent deaths, either in the coal pits or elsewhere, what shape they were in (for they did not always appear in their own,) and what they said when they could be prevailed on to speak; what it was that brought them back; and how long it was before the priest, or some such competent person, got them laid at rest in their graves. All the haunted houses or places she had off by rote, and could have given the names of all the 'uncanny folk,' or such as had

'bad e'en,' and had amused themselves by plaguing their credulous neighbours. Poor Mabel has been dead more than thirty years."

Other kinds of singular characters had their haunts upon the Low Fell, which was the centre of attraction, for parties on both sides of the Wear and the Tyne, before the division of the common into small allotments, in compliance with an act passed in the year 1809. It was literally covered with pit and quarry heaps, and afforded but a bare and scanty sustenance to the "donkeys" of tinkers; and few were the pitmen who had not visited this place of resort. Among the odd characters, which were well known throughout the district, was one "' Willy Trummel ' (Turnbull), who is represented as a kind of halter-for-halter fellow at fairs, and who had a few sheep upon the Fell, or, perhaps, a curiously coloured worn-out horse: for, when the poor quadruped's natural colour did not please him, he was known to paint it according to his fancy; and thus he once rejoiced, it is said, in a blue pony. A strange and yet commonly serviceable pair, also spent the greatest part of their long lives between the Wear and the Tyne, who were vulgarly called ' Bell Laing and Tommy ;'—the woman always preceding the man, by reason, perhaps, of her claim to priority from the nature of her occupation, for she was the village ' Howdy ;' and her practice not only extended among the entire adjacent population, but often far beyond." Mr. Wilson adds, respecting this woman,—“ Her usefulness, however, did not end here; for besides being, as it were, the *Alpha* of life, she often rendered very essential service to her fair friends, in peculiar delicate situations, through the middle and interesting stages of their existence. Tommy was a joiner by trade, made coffins and kept a hearse; and, of course, was the *Omega* of life, whose care was to see the dead carried to their long homes in a coffin of his own making. The two callings

wrought well together; for, if a birth turned out a death, the order for the coffin came, of course, to Tommy; and, as Bella was frequently asked to funerals, it afforded her an opportunity of extending her business among the ladies. They thus carried on a thriving trade for many years, of which life and death were the staple articles, and ultimately acquired, through industry and frugality, considerable property in houses. The square which goes by the name of 'Laing's Corner,' was built by them, and left to their children, as well as the large garth in which the Public Rooms and other buildings have lately been erected."

Such are a few specimens of those who composed the living "Pit Heaps" in the north, and not the worst either, among whom the ALLENS, now more especially to be introduced, lived, moved, and from whom they had their earthly being. A writer to whom reference has been already made, and to whom additional obligation is here acknowledged, regrets that so little is to be found in the various works published on the collieries, and coal-fields, except in the "Traveller Underground," and Wilson's "Pitman's Pay"—the latter chiefly for private circulation, on the distinctive characteristics and personal peculiarities of the pitmen, as a class of men nearly isolated by their habits, and the situation of their labour, from the communities of their fellow-creatures. Neither of these works, however, full as they are, have, by any means, exhausted the subject. Of these toilers "Underground," numbering, it is supposed, upwards of 220,000, the mass of mankind knows no more than if they were Hottentots;—born, bred, and buried, for the most part, out of sight of the highly civilized and educated people around them. To the honour of the present Marchioness of Londonderry, her Ladyship is familiarising herself with the wants and habits of the persons that are employed in her mines, and in promoting the education of their children. In Durham

and Northumberland, where some 30,000* of these working people dwell, the larger proportion of them reside in separate clusters of small houses, known as pit-villages, and have been characterised for odd ways of living and thinking for a long series of years.

* The "Underground Traveller" states, that "in 1854, the county of Durham comprehended 28,000 persons. Of these, 13,500 persons were hewers of the coal, getting altogether several thousand tons of coals daily by their united labours. Of the remainder, 3500 men were 'safety-staff men,' having besides 1400 boys belonging to their staff; 2000 were 'off-hand men,' for bargain work and miscellaneous duties; 7600 were lads and boys, working under the several designations of 'putters,' or pushers of the coal-tubs underground, 'drivers,' and 'marrows, half-marrows, and foals,'—these last terms being local and curiously significant of age and labour. For Northumberland must be added 10,536 persons, and if we take in Cumberland, making in all 42,380 persons labouring in and around our most northern collieries. The quantity of fuel raised by each hewer, will average two or three tons in the thin seams; in steam coal district, three or four tons, and in the best of Northumberland, five to six tons per day; eight hours per day."

THE ALLENS OF SHINEY-ROW.

SECTION I.

WILLIAM ALLEN was born in 1750, and his brother Charles in 1752. One branch of the family—all poor—resided at Pellaw, in the parish of Chester-le-Street, when William was born; and another at Paddington, contiguous to the city of Durham, where another resided, two of whose sons, named William and Charles, whom the former afterwards brought up, appear also to have been born.

The parents and relations of William and Charles were greatly straitened in their circumstances. Their father especially, was wicked and improvident. In consequence of this, the poor children were compelled to work in the pit at a very tender age—as early as *seven*, though now, according to law, they are not allowed to go down till they have attained the age of *twelve*. Before the reports of the *Children's Employment*, Commissioners were made public in 1842, England knew a great deal more of the blacks abroad than the blacks at home. These reports, however, resulted in legislative actions, and finally, in the present much needed, though not perfectly efficient system of inspection. The children, at the period referred to, were confined under ground *eighteen hours*, as already stated, out of the twenty-four, at the rate of three shillings per week; and for one half of the year, were never favoured with a single glimpse of day-light, except when at the bottom of the shaft, scores of fathoms below the surface of the earth, when they chanced to turn the eye upward, as

through Lord Ross's monster telescope—only with a narrower field of view—when a dim circular light might be seen in the distance through the curling smoke. Poor, toiling, suffering humanity! “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,” whether above or below ground! Even *females* were, in that day, and long afterwards, both in Lancashire and Cumberland, employed in the pits; and she, who was destined to become the wife of William Allen, to anticipate a few years, was one of those hapless beings who toiled in the pit, when a little girl. No less humiliating, and with less of feminine decency, has it to be observed, that females, in Newcastle and the neighbourhood, within the recollection of the writer, were employed in serving masons and slaters, ascending by ladder houses three and four stories high, with boards of brick and lime on their heads. “Tell it not in Gath.”

“Latterly,” says De Quincey in his *Essays*, “the House of Commons interfered powerfully ‘to protect’ the *women* from working in mines, and the poor creatures most fervently returned thanks to the House; but, as I saw, and said at the time, under the unfortunate misconception that the gracious and paternal senate would send a supplementary stream of gold and silver, in lieu of that particular stream which the Honourable House had seen cause suddenly to freeze up for ever. Not that I would insinuate the reasonableness, or even the possibility of Parliaments paying permanent wages to these poor mining women; but I *do* contend, that in the act of correcting a ruinous social evil, that never could have reached its climax unless under the criminal negligence of Parliament, naturally and justly the duty fell upon that purblind Parliament of awarding to these poor mining families such an indemnification, once for all, as might lighten and facilitate the harsh transition from double pay to single pay, which the new law had suddenly exacted. As a sum to be paid by a mighty

nation, it was nothing at all : as a sum to be received by a few hundreds of working households, at a moment of unavoidable hardship and unforeseen change, it would have been a serious and seasonable relief, acknowledged with gratitude. Meantime, I am not able to say whether *all* the evils of female participation in mining labour, as contemplated by the wisdom of Parliament, so fearfully disturbing the system of their natural household functions, and lowering so painfully the dignity of their sexual position, have yet been purified. Mr. Bald, a Scottish engineer, chiefly applying his science to Collieries, describes a state of degradation as pressing upon the female co-operators in the system of some collieries, which is likely enough to prevail at this hour [February 1858], inasmuch as the substitution of male labour would often prove too costly, besides that the special difficulty of the case would thus be aggravated: I speak of cases where the avenues of descent into the mines are too low to admit horses ; and the women, whom it is found necessary to substitute, being obliged to assume a cowering attitude, gradually subside into this unnatural posture, as a fixed memorial of their brutal degradation. The spine in these poor women, slaving on behalf of their children, becomes permanently horizontal, and at right angles to their legs. In process of time, they lose the power of bending back into the perpendicular attitude conferred by nature as a symbolic privilege of grandeur upon the human race ; at least, if we believe the Roman poet, who tells us that *she* (meaning Nature)

‘Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus :’

i.e. to the race of man she gave an aspiring countenance, and laid her commands upon that race to fix his gaze upon the heavens overhead, and to lift up all faces erect and bold to the imperishable stars. But these faithful mothers, loyal to their duties

in scorn of their own personal interests, oftentimes exulted in tossing away from them, as a worthless derelict, their womanly graces of figure and motion—dedicating and using up these graces as a fund for ransoming their daughters from all similar degradation in time to come.”

Here the future wife of William Allen toiled, with others of the female sex, but not sufficiently long to stunt or distort her noble figure. Having, however, had a taste of underground toil, these pages will shew the influence it had upon her in after life, in the deliverance of her partner and his brother from the same humble employment.

Though the biography of middling persons, and still less that of the lowest grades in society, can be no tribute to literature, such a fact can be no reason why a tribute should not be awarded to integrity, to moral and religious worth. Many a pyramid has been reared over a handful of dust; but the dust being of royal extraction, it must be honoured in death, though its inmate, when heaving with life, might have proved a curse to his country and his species. Now, that he ceases to breathe, he is deified in the affection of others as worthless as himself, though esteemed as clay in the eyes of the world. Biography, however, cannot be said to fulfil the whole of its mission, when cooped up in a small enclosure, confining within its circle only the scholar, the statesman, the hero, and the philosopher. These are not exemplars for the masses. The latter require models of another mould, and of other metal,—models more immediately adapted to their position and circumstances in life. A Chesterfield, with his powdered wig, his gold-headed cane, and measured step, is not the teacher for rustic life, any more than Lady Mary Wortley Montague is a fit governess for a collier's cottage. The men would be more at home with “The Wall's End Miner,” and better taught, than under the tuition of Chesterfield; while the women, under the training of

"Martha" and "Ruth," would be better prepared for domestic life, than if they had been drilled even at "Barley-Wood," under the superintending care and finishing hand of the excellent Hannah More.

There are some persons—and the writer ranks as one of them—who indulge a taste for the *rare*, whether among birds, beasts, or human beings; whether in the mineral or vegetable kingdom; whether among architectural ruins, old coins, old paintings, or engravings; in short, in any thing, and every thing, assuming more than an ordinary appearance in form, phase, and character, whether in nature, providence, or grace. In the family group here brought into notice, BETTY ALLEN, may be considered as one of a *class*; and she is specially noticed, as constituting the point upon which the whole turns—the orb around which the lesser lights revolve; herself, meanwhile, by no means contemplated in the light of the luminary that "rules the day." She was literally, in her own peculiar way, a curiosity, and belonged to a community producing other varieties, though widely different in a psychological and social point of view, and would have made a good companion picture for a few others, equally sincere, though not equally straightforward, equally generous, or less unoffending; but, in some other respects, in all probability at the very antipodes of each other, and therefore, as mere *profiles*, to be suspended the reverse way—back to back. One class might be found with the organ of benevolence equally large, but heedless and profuse, as to object and extent; the hearts of both touched with the tale of woe, but *this* allowing the head to perform its share in the business, while *that* is solely swayed by feeling: both, at the same time, gems in their way, without either of them admitting a high polish; yet of real value in the world—fetching, as to general respect and usefulness, a fair market price in public esteem.

The races of men are not more varied than individuals, one after another, of the same race. Genus, according to metaphysicians and logicians, includes in its definitions, a number of beings, which agree in certain general properties, common to all, while in natural history, it is understood, as comprehending a subdivision of any class or order of natural beings, whether of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms, all agreeing in certain common characters. Though the subjects of the succeeding pages, participated in the general properties of their species, and the characters common to human beings, there was a certain individuality about them, which, while mingling in society, prevented them from being lost in the crowd, or mistaken for others;—their form and features, so to speak, drawing upon them special notice, over and above the rest. The female, more especially, was marked out for observation, not as *exalted*, but as *peculiar*; but in that peculiarity alone is to be traced the source of attraction. Such persons, whatever may be their position in life, may be held up as mirrors in the same humble walks, not to excite pride by looking upon their charms, but to show them that they are objects worth looking at, and that, in their turn, their biographies may become mirrors to others, who may chance to perceive a family likeness.

The two Allens, William and Charles, whose birth has been referred to, grew up like other pit-boys, without the fear of God, and might have been selected, as to moral and religious character, as specimens of rudeness, from the juvenile masses around and who had everything to encourage them both at home and in the example of the adult population around, whose character and doings will receive a few additional touches, in order to complete the picture, in the following extract from the "QUARTERLY REVIEW":—

"The northern pitman, in his modern state, by no means

adequately exhibits the oddities and the humours which characterised his ancestors, and constituted them a race who not only dwelt locally separate from other men, but mentally had no affinities with them. As they laboured apart from their contemporaries underground, so they lived and thought apart from them above ground. They looked upon themselves as entitled, by reason of the hardships they endured, to immunities which other men should accord to them. If not accorded, nevertheless they were enjoyed; and not very many years ago it was no light or pleasant thing to pass through a primitive pit village while the colliers were upon the high road. When the eminent viewer to whom we have before alluded was one day driving us in his vehicle through a colliery village of some antiquity, he remarked, that he well remembered the period when we might have expected huge stone bowls to be pitched at or after the horse's head by some sportive pitman, or ourselves to be pelted with no agreeable or innocuous missiles. If the horse was lamed, or the passengers maimed, an uproarious shout of laughter testified to the pitmen's delight. The privileges claimed by and conceded to such men, were undisturbed quarters, respectful distance, and freedom from arrest. A constable, or similar legal functionary, seldom showed his face twice amongst them. Once he might essay his unwelcome duty, but if he escaped with sound limbs he continued a stranger ever afterwards. The pitmen's 'Book of Sports,' contained rude and unmerciful games. 'Cuddy-races,' that is donkey-races, and cock-fights, were favourite pastimes, and drunkenness and rioting the custom of the village. Something more amusing might have been beheld in the olden costume of these men, especially on Sundays, holidays, and feasts, and at christenings, courtings, and funerals. In his gayest seasons, the happy pitman would sport a showy waistcoat, called his 'posy vest,' because upon it were depicted gaudy flowers and

figures. His nether man was clothed in breeches either of velveteen or plush, which were fastened at the knees with different coloured ribbons fluttering about in the breeze. Stockings with 'clocks' adorned his shapely or unshapely legs, and stout shoes or laced boots his feet. A round hat, which on high days and holidays had also its flowing ribbons, covered his head, and a switch was swayed by his hand. Thus arrayed he would flaunt about in public places, vaunt himself of his physical powers, and, when half-drunk, go about seeking whom he might beat or batter with hardened fist and muscular arm. He would sing songs in the pit dialect, swear vengeance upon his enemies, and bid defiance to his masters. He would challenge his fellows, reel along dangerous paths, and finally reach his cottage a befooled and battered merry-andrew."

The "NORTHERN DAILY EXPRESS," adverting to this state of things, in one of its numbers, observes,—

"Not a vestige of this state of things now remains. Compassionated by an increasing number of humble religious teachers, chiefly of the several sects of Methodism, the refractory pitmen slowly improved, and gradually became more civilized. Some of them are themselves at this time, "local preachers," Sunday-school teachers, or decent gentlemen in black. Even temperance societies have found a lodgement in their villages, and benefit clubs and Oddfellow societies gather up much of their stray money, and occupy much of their leisure time. They are meritorious men who have done much towards the amelioration of pitmen, whose names will never be publicly known. No one, probably, besides ourselves, has thought it worth while to do honour to the name of John Reay, of Wallsend, who for many years taught the children of the two pit-folk the best he knew of good things, and did not teach them in vain."

WILLIAM ALLEN entered the marriage state in 1773, when he had attained the 23rd year of his age, with the woman of his

choice, whose maiden name was merged in his own, and whose Christian address was that of "Betty,"—a name which she never lost, being afterwards known only as BETTY ALLEN, when common courtesy would have suggested and employed something more dignified. She became a valuable wife to William, as well as an affectionate and faithful mother to the destitute portion of his father's family, and so relieved the two brothers of the care attendant on domestic duties. Such were the taxes levied on their small earnings by the more necessitous part of the family, that but little was left for the purpose of furnishing the room and the attic. WILLEY, or Wully,—for that was the name by which he was addressed by BETTY—was several degrees below mahogany. After paying the expenses of the marriage ceremony, his means only enabled him to set up house with a homely bed without posts, a plain table made of deal; and, instead of chairs, three three-legged stools,—one for each—Willey, Betty, and Charly.

The most prominent pieces of furniture in a modern pitman's house, where there is industry on the part of the man, and frugality on the part of the wife, are a good bed, with mahogany posts,—a mahogany tea-table,—a double chest of mahogany drawers,—four plain chairs,—and an eight-day clock, in a mahogany case, towering to the boarded floor of the attic, to which attic access is to be had through a trap door, by means of a ladder.

It is unwise, in the esteem of some persons, to hope for domestic happiness in the possession of only a single favourable trait of character; and hence they advise such as are on the look out for a partner, to woo and win one who exhibits a combination of the various traits most to be desired. Very sage advice this. But love, which is painted blind, does not always look at the pre-requisites prescribed by the cool, calculating sage in love affairs, viz., a high sense of right and wrong

bodily health, moral bravery, and a courage to be industrious, economical, and self-denying. Excellent as these qualities are, the probability is, that the market would be overstocked with articles of an inferior order, and that youth would very often have to wait for the snow of years, before the crown of domestic happiness would be permitted to adorn the brow. Willy and Betty could boast of health and industry;—principle had to follow in after life. Love was the only fire that burned, and they were blind to every thing beside.

The habit of industry was unwavering in the two Allens, William and Charles, and also in William's future companion, even when destitute of personal religion, much more when the grace of God took possession of the heart. Idleness is a fault condemned by all in the young, and is too often indulged without remorse. But there is a busy idleness, which sometimes blinds a person to its nature; they seem to themselves to be occupied, but to what does it all amount—what's its result? What Hannah More calls "a quiet and dull frittering away of time," whether it be in "unprofitable small talk, or in constant idle reading, or sauntering over some useless piece of work," is surely not "redeeming the time;" and yet how many days and hours are thus unprofitably wasted, and neither useful to themselves nor beneficial to others. Females who have much leisure are open to this fault; and besides its own sinfulness—for surely a waste of time is a sin—it encourages a weak enervated frame of mind, and is apt to produce either apathetic content in trifling occupation, or a restless desire of excitement and amusement, to help on the weary time which such trifles cannot kill. The subjects of these pages had no leisure for idleness; their wants would not admit of it. To work or starve was their position. Life is a costly thing,—and all must live,—though sadly abused by the wealthy. What an outlay is necessary to sustain,

adorn, and make it even tolerable in first-class society! The poor "pitman," has but a dark passage to burrow in, on his way to the food that has to nourish him; and life to him would be as miserable as it is dark, if there were no Christianity, like light a-head to the storm-beaten mariner, to cheer him on his path.

To persons who have never read the "Underground Traveller," or other works belonging to the same school, and are totally unacquainted with pit life, the history of one pitman, and the toil of one day, may be given as a specimen of the whole, with some slight circumstantial variations. At four o'clock in the morning, if not earlier, William and Charles Allen are roused from their slumber by a person denominated a "caller," who knocks at the door, and announces "Its time to go to pit." They slip on their loose pit dress, and, if winter, are treated perchance with a shower of sleet, hail, or snow; or if in any other season of the year, with a soaking shower of rain; in the one case, plunging through the mud in the lanes, or footing it over the stunted grass in the dark, to still deeper darkness below; and in the other case, to work in their clothes often saturated with wet. On the event of agreeable weather, still there is no great comfort in the fact of a man walking with a pound of pit candles dangling by his side, or suspended by the button hole of his flannel jacket, a tin can with his cold tea under one arm, and his bag of provisions in his vacant hand, leaving the pure air and light of heaven, with eight hours toil before him, from six to eight hundred feet, or more, underground, to breathe an atmosphere often prejudicial to health and life. In addition to those who join them on the way, the Allens mingle with their fellow-workmen around the pit chimney, sheds, and wagons, amidst the noise of the pulley wheels, the alternate motion of the double ropes, and next the rough voice of the "*banksman*,"

shouting out "are all ready?" On the response, "*ready*," they descend and disappear in regular succession, either in a "*corf*," or strong basket, hooked on by a chain to the rope that hung down the pit mouth, or passing down and up "*in the loop*," both of which were in use in "olden times," and though neither without danger, the latter generally preferred by the old men, in which case the pitman inserted one leg into the loop, formed by curving the terminal chain and hooking it back upon the upper link, and then twining his arm tightly round the rope above.*

The Allens, with their companions at the bottom of the pit, secure their tools and their candles, when they are told by the "*deputy-watchman*" that he has been round most of the working galleries, and that "*she*," that is, the pit, "is safe." Two and two—the Allens rarely parted—proceed along the main way, each with his pit candle in his hand, stuck in a piece of clay, and the latter stuck between two fingers, or in the palm of the hand—sometimes stumbling onward—leaving the more lofty mainway—when they enter the more difficult passage, diverging as into so many streets or lanes, often compelled to stoop—they move on with tolerable ease, owing to their being occasionally stunted and curvilinear, compared by some to a note of interrogation—laughable enough, though not inapt. In some cases, they are obliged to be pushed along in a "*rolley*," or low wagon, lying lengthways, face up, impelled forward by boys.

The interior of a pit has been compared to an underground city, like the Strand or Cheapside, with numerous streets

* The safety cage is what is now employed, which is simply a vertical railway carriage, running down and up upon "guides," thereby introducing into the shafts iron rods. Into one of its square narrow compartments the men crouch together, others in the upper compartments, and down they go. From 1,000 to 1,500 can go down in this way in a few minutes.

branching right and left, including common roadways for the traffic of the pit. There is a map, like the map of London—every pathway known by name—and the localities of all the work and workmen can be studied in plan in the colliery counting-house. The daily work of the mine is conducted on the best arranged principles. The resident viewer is supreme, who has his subordinate viewers, overseers, watchmen, lamp-keepers, and other officers, who have each their dependents and duties. The analysis of a large Durham colliery give a total of 530 persons variously employed and remunerated.

Not only had the two Allens to provide sustenance for themselves, but, through a father's profligacy, they had, as stated, to support some of the younger branches of the family; so that at an early period, before they made any profession of religion, their ordinary instincts led them to care for others; and not being addicted to the more vicious habits of the colliers, they could the better extend their scanty pittance to such of their brothers and sisters as were too young to be sent to work.

The Allens, at a proper age, took their place with the "*hewers*;" and the work of a hewer is no trifling employment. His tools are a pick, a spade, and a few wedges; with these he tears down the mineral. To hew well is a work of skill as well as strength, and is improved by early practice to obtain high wages. It is the highest and hardest work in the pit. In thick seams of five or six feet, hewing is considered a work of strength; in narrower seams, a work of skill. In some cases, the hewer is obliged to kneel on one or both knees—at other times squatting—another, stooping or bending double—and occasionally lying on his side, or on his back, picking and pegging away at the seam above; often bathed in a state of perspiration, in a state of semi-nudity, and enveloped in floating and clinging coal-dust—called hard and "*droothy wark*," in the north. Add to this, as stated by the "*Under-*

ground Traveller" and others, a dim light, a constantly thickening atmosphere—exhalation from living beings—and the putrescence from decaying wood and animal substances, all exaggerated by heat, and not diminished by any free current of air, and then think of the poor collier—and poorer still when destitute of the consolations of religion.

The pitmen are supposed to expend much more muscular exertion during every eight hours of labour than any other class of labourers. To watch them in the recesses of an old and deep coal-pit, you would heartily commiserate them, and above all, their close quarters, and constrained position. Hence the song put into their mouths,—

" Was there ever so slaving and slashing a trade—
Such a trade as this horrible hewing?
I wish I'd been bred to the plough or the spade,
To building, or baking, or brewing!
I'm up in the morning before it is light,
And down in the pit in the dark;
And though I get out before it is night,
I'm asleep from my terrible wark.
'Tis I make the ladies and gentlemen warm,
Though I haven't no Latin nor learning,
Though I get 'em their coals for winter and storm,
They don't think of me while they're burning."

It is a sad state of society that has nothing of a cheering character to relieve it. As the sun sheds his rays on the poorest soil, and the most rugged portions of the earth, so pit life, here and there, peeps out with a patch of sunshine upon it, and may be illustrated by another case in its more lovely walks. An honest workman ate dry bread for a month, in order that a poor girl might have what she herself was unable to pay for,—a three months course of dinners at eight sous, or eight French half-pennys. No one will be surprised to learn, that this couple, who had fallen in love, were afterwards married and

happy. Love was the cupboard, and the lover preferred and paid for the humble banquet which he did not allow himself to taste. There was nothing of this young romance about William Allen, and as little about her whom he had marked out for his bride. Though both were under the magic influence of the same passion as the lovers referred to, and would have done as much for each other, they would have proceeded in another way. The passion was strong, but they had nothing of romance in their nature. They loved for the present; the future was unheeded beyond the bridal day, and a humble roof to shelter them.

During a period of from five to seven years, the inmates of this home were, so far as personal religion is concerned, "without God in the world." After residing some time at Pellow, they took up their abode successively at Philadelphia, Penshar, and Shiney-Row, the most distant place being only a few miles from Pellow.

SECTION II.

Though misery is generally to be found in companionship with vice—for "there is no peace to the wicked"—yet apart from a more flagrant course of transgression, the social state of pit life, when mixed up with a little common decency, could only be endured by persons brought up in the midst of it, who had never stirred a rood beyond it. Even its present state, though in some degree improved, is not what it ought to be. Gradually as some of the more repulsive features of the social system are dying away, and the boundaries between pitmen and other labourers are being slowly broken down, yet enough of distinction remains to reward careful local enquiry, and to afford interesting traits of life both above and below ground.

Sir William Atherton, the Attorney-General, the son of a Methodist Preacher, who was educated at Woodhouse Grove School, addressing the Durham colliers at Newbottle, not two miles from Shiney-Row (Oct. 1861), on the occasion of opening a new Wesleyan Chapel, described them as a class as "very greatly improved," and as having "left off debasing habits." Very good, so far as it goes. The official information, however, furnished under the Royal Education Commission, by Mr. A. Foster, who visited and reported upon the mining districts of Durham, including those of Weardale, will show Sir William, that he will not be the worse of a little further light upon the subject; especially as Mr. Foster is himself a Methodist, and refers to the district of which Sir William was speaking. "Lowest," says Mr. Foster, "in the social scale are the coal-miners." They earn "high wages, which they know no way of spending but in the gratification of animal appetites." Paid once a fortnight, they spend their money, "too often in drinking and gambling, several days before the next pay-day comes round." And what is their social state? "A collier village presents for the most part a miserable repulsive aspect." There is no pavement, no drainage, no enclosure. In some cases, there may be one outhouse to a row of houses; in others, there is none at all. The sleeping accommodation is so scanty that, while the younger children lodge in the same room with the parents, the elder, both sons and daughters, with lodgers, herd together in another. The Attorney-General would seem to suggest, that though coal districts are black, they are comely; that Methodism has made an Arcadia of them; that the parents are sober, the children educated, and all free from debasing habits. But what says the Assistant-Commissioner Foster, after looking somewhat closer into the matter? "A very low state of morals and manners might be inferred from such arrangements, in connexion with

full feeding and excessive drinking ; but *the actual condition of the people in these respects may not be described.*" He continues, " It has been said, that it is of no use to educate the labouring classes, till their dwellings are improved ; it is equally true, that it is useless attempting to improve their dwellings till they are in some measure prepared by education to appreciate the improvements." It may be replied, that, if each of these improvements is to wait for the other, stagnation will continue. But, in the first place, the education given, or at least *taken*, must have been small ; and, in the second, such proprietors as have built better houses, have not found such reward. " Only last year," reports Mr. Foster, " a philanthropic coal-owner built two commodious dwellings for larger families, and placed in one of them a household in which eleven had been accustomed to sleep in two rooms. It was presently found that the enclosed yard of the new dwelling was made available for rearing pigs, and their food was stored up in the apartment where the agent had designed the girls to sleep, apart from their grown-up brothers." Nor is this all. The disappearance of " debasing habits," is a mere imagination, which stubborn facts dissipate into air. " The language," proceeds Mr. Foster, " heard in the collier villages, not only between the men, but among the women, boys, and girls, is profane, and filthy in the extreme." Nor have we yet heard the worst of the actual state of things, which the Attorney-General surveyed with such complacency, under the delusive light of a Methodist tea-meeting. " I was informed," says Mr. Foster again, by the medical man who had known the district for upwards of twenty years, that adultery is matter of mere jest ; such a man is known as such a married woman's ' fancy man,' and he freely ' chaffs' the husband on the privilege he enjoys. Incest is frightfully common, and seems to excite no disgust." Thus, while from Her Majesty's Attorney-General we have a repre-

sensation that education and Methodism have cured the Durham colliers of drunkenness and all other debasing habits, from Her Majesty's Assistant Commissioner of Education, we have the testimony founded upon inquiry at the spot, that excessive indulgence in meat and drink, are the least among the depravities which characterize that portion of the population. It would be unjust, however, to Sir William Atherton, and, indeed, to Mr. Foster himself, as well as to the better part of the colliers and the religious bodies labouring among them, to let these awful disclosures rest upon the public mind, unaccompanied with one quotation at least indicative that there is a better side to the picture—that it is not, at any rate, all gloom and the shadow of death. “Nevertheless,” says Mr. Foster, “it is true that, in connection with almost every colliery, there are men whose intelligence and good conduct, the result of religious feeling, have raised them from the lowest grades to situations of trust. The instances are very rare in neglecters or despisers of religion attaining such promotion. I inquired again and again for a single instance of it but no one seemed to be able to recollect one. Be it that in that class nothing but religion can deliver a man from the life of brutish degradation which seems to be the natural inheritance of the collier, and can render him the intelligent and faithful servant who alone is fit to be trusted with responsibilities involving the lives of his fellow-workmen; or be it merely that the employers have some superstitious belief about religious men being the most trustworthy,—the fact is the same, admitted on all hands, and becoming a reason that the most sceptical can appreciate on behalf of religious education. May this little leaven leaven the whole lump.”

So prays the editor of a public journal, to whose pen the present writer is indebted for the remarks on Sir William and Mr. Foster.

If such is the more modern state of pit life, with all its improvements, what must have been its state in the middle of the last century, when the Allens—to employ pit phraseology, were found among the “Scrapings from the Pit-Heaps,” distinguished from those around as only less flagitious, with a little more industry,—a little more cleanliness, in the midst of the uproar of a moving hell of profligacy and misery?

This was just the field of labour for the apostolic Wesley to enter, in which there were evils, encountering him at the outset of his reformatory labours, he has omitted to record—evils which, in the strong language of the above intelligent journalist, reviewing the subject, rival in flagitiousness, loathsomeness, and virulence, any described or alluded to by Paul as existing among the Greeks and the Romans,—evils which even the polygamist and cannibal tribes of equatorial Africa, among whom Du Challeu travelled, would neither practise nor tolerate.

Wesley visited Newcastle for the first time, May 28, 1742, only eight years before William Allen was born. He was directed to this field of labour, according to a letter which has met the eye of the writer, by the famous Countess of Huntingdon; in which letter her ladyship earnestly urged him to proceed forthwith to Newcastle, and to employ his best efforts to improve the moral and religious condition of the colliers on the Tyne, as in the case of the colliers at Kingswood, among whom his ministry had been exercised, and to whom he had been so useful. Of this letter he makes no mention in his Journal, nor of the Countess of Huntingdon as the moving cause of his visit, though he refers to a letter from Leicestershire, and a visit to Donnington Park, to visit Miss Cowper who was seriously indisposed. Wesley, who lodged in a small house in the low street of Gateshead, “after a short refreshment, walked into the town.” “There,” he remarks, “I was surprised! So much drunkenness, cursing and swearing,

(even from the mouths of children,) do I never remember to have seen and heard before, in so small a compass of time. Surely," continues he, "this place is ripe for Him who came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

Having found the "fields white unto the harvest," he repeated his visits, and was soon succeeded by his brother Charles, George Whitfield, and a few of his own lay preachers, as Christopher Hopper, born in the neighbourhood; John Nelson, a Yorkshireman; and others—who, collectively, reaped an ample harvest of good on the banks of the "coaly Tyne" and the Wear.

Little more than twelve months after Wesley's first entrance into Newcastle, the "Orphan House"—pulled down in 1857, to make way for a school—was begun, which towered through a century and upwards, a monument of the good man's faith and ministerial toil. It was in that venerable pile, that the juvenile voice of Lord Eldon was heard, having been taken thither by his mother, and taught singing, when a boy, on his own testimony to Joseph Butterworth, Esq., M.P. When Wesley preached, in his visits to the north, the colliers were seen in all directions, streaming along the roads and lanes to hear him; many of whom residing a distance from four to six, seven, eight, and even ten miles, remained after the evening service to sing, pray, and hold religious converse with each other on the subject of personal religion—then, stretching themselves along the benches, took a few hours repose—and rose refreshed for preaching, which commenced at five o'clock—at the close of which, they returned to their accustomed labour, singing as they passed along the lanes their morning carols, like the lark,—light-hearted—the soul hymning its way upward to meet the light of eternal day.

A few moments spent in looking at the noble trio—John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitfield, to whom the colliers

in the north are so much indebted, and who were not less attractive to the public at large than the "northern lights," may not be much out of place, as they led to the establishment of the ministry so beneficial to the Allens, and others with whom they associated. Taken collectively, the labours of these messengers of God were attended with the most signal effects on the Wear and the Tyne. The metropolis that lit its lamps at five in the morning, when the people crowded down to Moorfields, to listen to the grave and solemn tones of John Wesley,—to the more unequal, yet fiery outbursts, with the occasional drawling of Charles,—and to the plaintive lament and tearful denunciations of the Demosthenes of open-air preaching, George Whitfield,—was not earlier or more brilliantly lighted than the north, with its pit-fires flashing their light to the heavens, or sooner on the move with its teeming population, than the colliers from the neighbouring villages; nor were the metropolitans more enrapt while hanging on the noble thoughts and utterances of these enunciators of evangelic truth. These were the men, as has been well said, who were more prone to weep than to laugh, to win a tear rather than court a grin,—men who might have had livings, houses, and lands, if they had sought for them,—men who shunned rather than invited popularity,—men who mounted a table, a chair, or a horse-block, as readily as a pulpit, and preached amid the hubbub of mountebanks, fairs, and wakes, in spite of mud, stones, eggs, and hog-wash; till, at last, awed by their earnestness, the motley company, in each place, began demurely and attentively to listen;—men who attacked every species of vice, hand to hand, and foot to foot, irrespective of persons, and whose choicest audience embraced the dregs of society,—whose visits of merey were to the Fleet, the cell of the malefactor, and the inmates of a work-house,—and some of whose appalling images were taken from dangling gibbets, as

the reward of crime, on Kensington Common or Blackheath. These were the Knoxes, the Bridaines, and the Luthers of the day;—men who pressed towards foundries and factories, docks and markets, highways and hedges; in short, wherever labouring men had their haunts and their homes,—in barns and in cottages, amid sobs, shrieks, groans, and hallelujahs—unsuffed candles, unsavory breath and perspired clothes! Ay, these were “days of the Son of Man!” Men, whose ministry planted a hedge round the pit of destruction, to prevent the colliers of the north from dropping into it! Take the men separately.

JOHN WESLEY, both on the ground of seniority and intellect, leads the way. The engraved portraits, and “pen and ink sketches,” of him, are numerous, but generally agree as to person, manners, and mind. Look at him, as he passes along. His figure is remarkable;—low in stature,—the reverse of corpulent;—rigidly temperate;—always in exercise;—his step firm, yet light;—masculine in appearance;—a fine face;—clear, smooth forehead, aquiline nose, and bright piercing eye;—great freshness of complexion, expressive of perfect health;—cheerfulness and gravity sweetly blended;—an usual flow of spirits, accompanied with serenity;—with an aspect, especially in profile, indicative of acuteness and penetration. Such was John Wesley. Look at him as he paces the street: the pattern of neatness and patriarchal simplicity;—a narrow plaited stock;—a coat with a small upright collar;—no buckles at his knees;—no silk or velvet in any part of his apparel;—a head crowned with hair like the driven snow;—but warm at heart, and clear of head, diffusing balm and sunshine wherever he holds on his way! fraught with deep-wrought and well-thought truth, clothed in language which a child may understand!

CHARLES WESLEY came into the world prematurely, and at his birth, appeared rather dead than alive. Not a cry was heard, not an eye was opened. He was folded up in soft wool

till the time when, according to the course of nature, he should have appeared in the world; at which time he opened his eyes and found his voice. Passing over his boyhood and college life, he commenced his itinerant career in August 1739, and continued his labours in this respect, till the end of 1756, after which he chiefly divided his pulpit labours between London and Bristol, rarely visiting the north.

GEORGE WHITFIELD, though slender in youth, was corpulent in declining years, and, in this respect, differed from the *Wesleys*: but he will bear close inspection;—a little above the ordinary stature;—graceful and well-proportioned;—fair complexion;—small, upright, dark blue eyes, with an agreeable squint;—features good and regular;—clean and neat in his attire;—easy, and free from all stiffness and formality in his address;—the charm of every rightly constituted social circle;—temperate in all things;—devoid of all appearance of affectation;—uninjured by popularity;—a strong musical voice, with perfect command over it;—never at a loss for expression;—whether powerful or tender, still natural,—without “battered thunder” in the one, or whine in the other;—an imagination so vivid and varied, that his hearers seemed to see whatever he depicted;—one whose voice, in all its accents, spoke expressly to the ear;—the features of whose face, and the motion of whose hands, and the gestures of whose body, spoke to the eye;—one whom the dullest could understand, and who, once heard, could fix the attention of the most thoughtless and dissipated;—a man in whose heart were in constant exercise all the social and religious affections;—a man, in short, who dwelt within the veil in communion with God. Such, too, was the case of the *Wesleys*, as well as George Whitfield; each enjoying uninterrupted intercourse with heaven. The latter crossed the Atlantic, in his untiring zeal, no less than seven times, the last of which was in September, 1769, when he embarked for

America, where he died upon his knees,—a fine attitude and exercise for a man of God,—Sunday, September 30, 1770, having preached to an immense concourse of people in the open air the previous day,—thus receiving the accomplishment of his prayers and his wish—"Sudden death and sudden glory!"

These were the men, who drained the bogs, ploughed the fields, sowed the seed, built the bridges, and Meadanised the roads, for those who succeeded, and entered into their labours,—each with his sickle in his hand, when the Allens were thrown upon the world. But Whitfield, who left numerous seals to his ministry, did not give rise to a regularly organized body, to live after him, as a distinct sect. Wesley, on the other hand, formed societies, and presided over them in his rules, regulations, and doctrines, after his decease, so far as those rules and regulations were preserved in companionship with the various changes and additions introduced at subsequent periods; changes, the object, character, propriety, or necessity of which, comprises no part of either the primary or ultimate object of the present volume, as that would lead to the past and present condition of the Wesleyan Body, and necessarily into the *vexata questio* of the Power of the Priesthood, which has been so often, and, recently, so freely discussed. The object is to shew what Methodism, under God, *has* done, and what it *may* yet effect.

The Allens may be said to have lived under two dispensations;—that in which the system of Methodism was under the immediate superintendency of Mr. Wesley, up to 1791; when it was distinguished for its simplicity, purity, openness and efficiency;—and that which succeeded, onward—say, to 1830, when the system became more complex, its machinery more unwieldy, and when the body became more feverish and disturbed, by repeated outbreaks,—“its legislation,” in the language of Mr. Grindrod, in his “COMPENDIUM,”

p. 15,16, "bearing intrinsic evidence of being the production of one superior mind;" referring to the "legislation" of Dr. Bunting, in contradistinction to that which bore the impress of the mind of Mr. Wesley, after whose demise, the system was greatly altered; old laws and usages, in many instances, becoming obsolete, others amended, together with those of a "declaratory" character, and new enactments introduced. The Allens, as will be seen anon, carried with them the guileless simplicity, openness, candour, benevolence, industry, plainness, order, cleanliness, economy, integrity, self-denial, &c., of the first dispensation, together with the impress of its primitive members; and died off before the middle of the nineteenth century, when the preachers humbled themselves in solemn Conference, deploring, as to the MINISTRY, the lack of out-door preaching, the want of pastoral visitation, too great a taste for fine preaching, the great want of piety, zeal, faith, the spirit of prayer, and love to perishing souls; and on the part of the PEOPLE, the destitution of the piety which their forefathers had, their miserable conformity to the customs of the world, indulgence of a worldly spirit, their love of costly entertainments; dancing, novel reading, concerts, bagatelle and other trifling games; luxury and extravagance, godless company, possessing every mark that distinguishes the worldling from the Christian!! See the speeches of the Preachers in the Conference of 1854, as reported in the WATCHMAN, August 10, 1854. Alas, for Methodism! The Allens escaped a knowledge of this state of things. And it is only to be regretted, that these are the statements of the Preachers, reported in an organ of their own;—men, who, for their own credit, and that of the Body, were under no temptation to overcharge the picture. It is just to state, however, that since this act of humiliation,—since these confessions, a greater amount of prosperity has distinguished the labours of the ministers,—no small proof that the act has met with divine approval.

SECTION III.

BUT to return to the ALLENS, after thus viewing the moral and social state of the district in which they lived, and the new element introduced among them through the transforming influence of an evangelical ministry. The scanty stock of furniture with which they set up house-keeping, had, within the space of three or four years, by little additions, added to their domestic comfort. They remained, however, strangers to the power of true religion during that period.

BETTY was the first of the three that received a glimmering of divine light. A female, having perceived her serious and thoughtful, pressed her to accompany her to Houghton-le-Spring, to attend divine service, in the church—an edifice which, at an earlier period, had echoed to the voice of the famous BERNARD GILPIN, the "Apostle of the North." Though a minister of less metal and unction than Bernard occupied the pulpit, she was deeply affected with the "PRAYERS;" a case far from solitary, in which the "reading-desk" comes to the aid of the "pulpit," when the latter is denuded of an evangelical ministry. Here she perceived more clearly her woes and her wants. She was one of those self-reliant women, spoken of in the London Review, only occasionally to be met with among the rude and uneducated; presenting the firm, unfeminine female dragoon, who squares her elbows at difficulties, and fights her way through life with the defying assumption of the stronger sex; with somewhat more of the aggressive than defensive, and more of the commanding than the submissive quality; yet stately and self-possessed—unbiassed in her judgment—fair common sense—and rarely borrowing materials from a neighbour's mind to aid her in her decisions. A female of this type is extremely valuable in the world of womanhood—aye and of

manhood too, as the subject in hand proved herself afterwards to be. She filled up a gap between the plastic and the organizing, and claimed from both sexes some of the special grace of each.

A portion of St. Paul's address to the Athenians, who were in the habit of presenting their devotions "*To the Unknown God*," will apply equally to the philosophers of Greece and the untutored colliers of Durham and Northumberland. There is great significance in the passage referred to:—"That they should seek the Lord if haply they might *FEEL* after Him, and *FIND* Him, though He be not far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being." "Ask me," said Alexander the Great to Diogenes, "for whatever you want, and I shall be happy to assist you." "Stand a little on one side, then," replied the philosopher and wit; "you prevent me from *feeling* the sun." Milton, too, who mourned his own natural blindness, comes to our aid, where he represents Samson as addressing his attendant,—

"A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun and shade:"

and once led forth from the damp prison with its fetid air, and seated on the "bank," where was "choice of sun and shade," he exultingly exclaims, "here I *feel* amends." The sun was over head in both instances, pouring forth a constant inundation of successive rays of light; but Diogenes was in the *shade* of royalty, and wishful to have the intervening veil removed; while Samson rolled his sightless eyeballs in vain to find the light, and could, therefore, only seek to *feel*. Neither were satisfied without the warmth of the sun's rays, and both having *felt* the vital influence, were more than at rest—the heart was satisfied, if not satiated with delight. Betty Allen, who knew as little of poets and philosophers, as she knew of God, was

nevertheless, in the absence of more correct *knowledge, feeling* after the Being in whom she "lived and moved," anxious to "find" Him of whom she had heard, though "not far from every one of us." She was groping her way out of darkness into light, having neither properly emerged from the one nor fully entered into the other; following the glimmering in the distance, as through an almost interminable railway tunnel, but with slower progress; still anxious to "*feel*," for as Milton again has it, in his "Samson Agonistes,"—

"The way to know were not to *see*, but *taste*;"

yes, to "taste," in the language of inspiration, that "the Lord is gracious." After this Betty panted, as "the hart panteth after the water brooks"—for fuller light, greater power, "strong consolation."

In every journey there must be a first step; a change of position from sitting to rising, to moving forward. The journeyings of the children of Israel from Egypt to the promised land were long and tedious. Forty years elapsed before they crossed Jordan, as they had previously, by miracle, crossed the Red Sea. Yet some one moved first, when they marched from Ramases to Succoth. There was a first step in the brilliant career of St. Paul,—and a first step taken by Lydia too, "a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, who worshipped God, whose heart the Lord opened," and who "sat down by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made," listening to Paul, with "other women, which resorted thither." Here we have Betty Allen's first step heavenward, who not only resorted to places "where prayer was wont to be made," but poured forth her own supplications at a throne of grace: and there is an eloquence of expression, which, when the lips are unmoved, produces all the meltings of divine compassion. She could not read, but she could pray; and prayer, which is simply speaking to God, is the simplest

act of religion. It requires neither wisdom nor learning to commence with ; its chief requirements centre in the heart and will. The veriest infant can cry when hungry ; the poorest mendicant can make signs for a crust, and stretch forth the hand to receive it ; nor does the latter employ a number of elegant words to express his wants. The publican sent forth, at once brief, expressive, earnest, appropriate, and full—"God be merciful to me a sinner,"—a prayer which will occur to every awakened man and woman. Betty Allen, found something to say to God. And so it is with the most ignorant. The disposition was in the act. The heart was moved, and in the work. To her, the external evidences of Christianity were unknown, and therefore unheeded ; nor could she have comprehended them, if they had been placed before her. The sceptic, who chooses "the long and thorny path" of *external* proofs, may be pursued, overtaken, and refuted ; but the evidence to him will neither be so strong, nor yet so satisfactory, as the *internal* evidence to the simple, unlettered plebeian, that *feels* it. The latter will stake life on the truth of it ; the former will grudge the cost, if heavy, to propagate it.

It is not the province of Christianity to destroy natural character. Man, as man, is the "handy-work" of God ; and Christianity lays claim to the same divine origin. It is not in the one to destroy the other, or to interfere with their essential properties. Identity is preserved in both cases. Divine grace attacks and destroys nothing but sin ; divine light dissipates nothing but darkness ; divine truth corrects nothing but error. The stream is diverted in its course ; the steps of the traveller are directed into another track ; the lewd have become chaste ; the churl has become liberal ; the moral disease is removed, and the man is in health. We have the same man in all his limbs and features. The artist at his easel externally furnishes us, with the same likeness. It is the same man, whether dull or

sprightly, shallow or profound, reserved or open, social or retired, talkative or taciturn, slow of speech or rapid, limber and light of foot or heavy in his tread. The soul is the same, as well as the outer man,—only, it is left on record, that “my servant Caleb hath another spirit.” Here is the secret. God does not give new faculties, but he imparts new qualities. The voice is the same as heretofore, but there is a “new song” in it. The instrument and the strings are the same, but the tune is changed and improved; there is another musician at work, making sweeter melody for the ear of heaven. The members of the Allen Family, who are more immediately to be introduced, under the influence of religion, lost nothing of real character, nothing of their identity. They remained the same plain, simple, unsophisticated beings. The house, so to speak, was the same in all its constituent parts,—unaltered as to size, form, and accommodation; but “swept and garnished;” “old things were done away, and all things had become new.” There was simply an addition made to the family. Another inmate was happily introduced, to maintain order; in which sense, when christianized, they had passed—body, soul, and spirit—into other hands. “What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God? and ye are not your own.”

The two brothers, WILLIAM and CHARLES, were not without compunctious visitations; but BETTY was the first that found “the pearl of great price,” and was soon followed by them. William dated his religious awakenings under the ministry of Mr. James Bogie, who was then a local preacher, a native, it is said, of Northumberland, who afterwards entered the itinerant ministry. It was not till three years after Betty’s release from spiritual bondage, that William received religious consolation. Charles seemed to go side by side with him in all his joys and sorrows; a kind of twin feeling subsisted between

them. William, especially, while in the bowels of the earth, labouring for the bread that perisheth, was under strong temptation, as well as under deep conviction of sin, when, in an agony of soul, he poured forth earnest cries to God for mercy: his prayer was answered;—he rose from his knees a new man,—exulted in a sense of his acceptance into the divine favour, through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ,—the “horrible pit” was suddenly transformed, as by the wand of Moses, into a palace,—and invigorated both in body and mind, he ascended from the caverned depths below, light as air, as if on his way to the skies, and merely destined to touch the earth in passing, while hymning his way upward to scenes much more sublime, and joys more captivating than earth could afford. If hope is to be compared to a beautiful bird, what must be the “bird of paradise,” to which joy gives birth! and what the notes of the nightingale compared with the melody of its song! The one came to William ’mid the darkness of the pit, and tipt it with light; and the other poured forth its sweetest song when his spirit was at the saddest,—when the lone soul was weary, and longed to pass to a resting place, “warbling,” as Jeremy Taylor would say, “its sunniest notes, and again tightening the tender fibres of the heart which grief had been wearing away.” Oh, what a meeting with Betty! What encouragement to Charles! Many were the prayers which the two brothers wafted to heaven, while toiling below. They entered fully into that apparently paradoxical poetic sentiment—“Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,” when, “Thou, my God, art near.” The pit was sufficiently private,—not less so, than the belly of the fish out of which the prophet cried to God. Any place will serve, and may be converted into a “house of prayer,” provided the heart is disposed to the exercise. Our Lord prayed on a mountain, Peter on a house-top, Isaac in a field, Nathaniel under a fig-tree, David in his depths, Daniel in his den, Jeremiah in

his dungeon. The devout mind can transform any place into an oratory, a closet, a bethel, under a sense of the Divine presence. It heeds but little how poor, how plain, how feeble the language, and how stammeringly uttered. The Saviour can understand the whole; just as the mother enters into the first babblings, the first efforts of her infant to speak. What less can be implied in—"Suffer little children to come unto me?" He can read a sigh,—knows the meaning of the gushing tear—is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

It was a touching scene to the apostles of Methodism while dealing out the bread of life from behind an old chair, to see two men enter a cottage, in their coarse, grimy, flannel dress, with the coal dust sticking to their faces, in consequence of the perspiration occasioned by their under-ground work, as if of African birth and breed; panting as they entered the doorway, having been detained a few minutes beyond the time of commencing service, and unable to go home to wash and exchange their clothes, yet anxious to hear the word which makes wise to salvation. Mark them. The lips red—the white of the eye shining like a ring of ivory round the dark pupil, the black of the face making the contrast still more striking,—while the big tears start from their fountains, furrowing their way down the cheeks, and leaving the channels bare, the clear skin shining through the briny stream, as if washed with pure water. These were hallowed seasons; the choral strains of the pious colliers exciting much more delight to the devout mind, than the well-toned organ in Durham Cathedral, booming among the pillars, and warbling along the roof, attended with all the pomp of ritual and of vestment. "The poor have the gospel preached to them." Go, tell it to statesmen—to prelates—to coroneted and crowned heads.

No one of the three—whether husband, brother, wife—could give full expression to their feelings, being living examples of

the difference between knowing and not being able to explain to others all they knew; somewhat like persons unable to describe, in technical form, the real nature of their ease to their medical attendants, and so leave them to guess out their meaning, which from the dark hints and imperfect phraseology employed, they are able to ascertain with tolerable accuracy. Thousands much more advanced in education than the persons in question, would, in like manner, be puzzled, if requested to explain the difference between apparent synonyms, when they may, nevertheless, clearly perceive it. The fact is, that the general knowledge of the uneducated, is much greater, in cases where a divine change has been experienced, than is generally supposed; and there are few ordinary public speakers—such especially as the earliest Methodist preachers, whom they could not, after a few hearings, fully comprehend. When brought to the test, there are few indeed, who are not clear on the broad fact, and who could not at once say—"Whereas I was once blind, now I see." They *see*, they *feel*; it is for others to *define* and *express*; and it would be as impossible to reason them out of their convictions as out of their existence, though unable fully to explain or support them by argument.

To persons familiarly acquainted with Wesleyan character, in the several members of society, it will be found, that, with rare exceptions, they enter the body in profound ignorance of its polity, and in the same ignorance and indifference they grow up and close their career. They enter with but one view and feeling—to save the soul. Other matters they leave to the preachers and other officials, implicitly confiding in them as so many infallible guides. All else, save the salvation of the soul, is of minor importance,—not worth a thought. They are as prompt in their attention to "pray, pay, and obey," as those above them are ready to urge them to the work; and this seems to be the implied compact between rulers and people.

Hence, the two prime causes of all the disruptions in the body since the days of Wesley;—irresponsible power transmitted by him to the preachers in the “Deed-poll,” and the docility, piety, and single-mindedness of the people; both unintentional in the first instance, and only productive of such results in consequence of abused power. The Allens knew nothing of the intricacies of the system, and heeded them as little: and hence they became just the kind of members so ardently desired on the part of the more wordly-minded among the officials, to meet the objects they have in view, in carrying out the system—“TEACHABLE, *Managable*, and QUIET.”

It is stated, when our Lord was upon earth, that “a certain woman received him into her house.” What literally took place in that instance, may be spiritually understood in the case of this family; and happy is the home at whose door the Saviour has knocked, whose inmates have received and bidden him welcome, and who possess grace to entertain such a guest! Our Lord was entertained two ways in this lowly cottage, and by this poor family; first, by a cordial acceptance of Him, as a Saviour, through faith;—“Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.” Secondly, in His members, by subsequent acts of kindness and benevolence, when providence, combined with industry, furnished them with the means;—“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Having found a home for the Saviour, though humble yet such as he did not despise, William and Charles soon found a home in their hearts for their poor destitute brethren. They united themselves to the Wesleyan Society, June 10th, 1780, and were enrolled as members. Being thus gathered into the

Christian fold themselves, they felt a deep interest for the spiritual welfare of the stray sheep of their own family. Much as they loved and pitied them before, their love was greatly increased, when hailed as brethren in Christ;—passing from love of pity to love of joy; their love to each other keeping pace, and even augmenting, with their love to God;—a point in Christian experience, which receives an illustration in the lines of a circle,—the nearer they come together in the centre, the nearer they come to each other

SECTION IV.

IN consequence of the migratory habits of the pitmen, during the “hirings,” two of the elder Allens had wandered as far as Whitehaven, in Cumberland. Their moral and religious condition lay with oppressive weight on the spirits of William and Charles. Influenced by the pure principle of Divine love, which filled the whole sphere of their souls with its spiritual and immortal element, and which far exceeds the “brotherly love” of relationship, they agreed to visit Whitehaven, upwards of one hundred miles distant. In consequence of the strong light that had shone upon their own minds, and the joyous emotions of the heart on the reception of evangelic truth, they imagined that they had nothing to do but to warble out their song of praise, in the hearing of their kinsman, in order to be listened to, enrapture the ear, and win them over to a religious course of action. They started from Old Penshar, where they now resided, about six miles west of Sunderland, in the depth of winter, during the pitmen’s holidays, and trudged the whole of the way, there and back, on foot—embracing between two and three hundred miles. They told

their "unadorned tale" in christian simplicity, full of expectation that a train of conversions would be the result. But, as in the case of Melancthon, who visited his friends with a view to the same object and in the same spirit, and who found that "Old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon," they found the heart inaccessible to their simple, child-like appeals. Their friends stared, laughed, joked, and sneered at them, objecting to bow the knee with them in prayer,—uniting in the opinion that the two good men were "out of their head." They returned home "cast down," and told Betty the result of their apparently fruitless journey. The whole family were proverbial for ignorance and profligacy. William reverting to this in after life, said, "I am the son of a sinner, I belong to a family of sinners, and I was brought up among sinners." Most of the family, however, it may be remarked, became religious at a subsequent period of life.

They continued to add to their little stock of household utensils, so as to give a decent appearance to their humble cottage; after which, somewhere about 1785, they agreed, according to the technicalities of Methodism, to "take in the preachers." Messrs. James Wood and John Beanland, were then in, what was called, "the Sunderland Circuit;" both in the prime of life, the former having entered the itinerant work in 1773, the latter in 1775. Mr. Wood was the first preacher they entertained. Though the family had got ahead of three-legged stools, it was still not the day of drawing-rooms and parlours, of hair-bottomed chairs and sofas. Betty, however, had, through her savings, become mistress of a feather bed, which was given up to the preacher, on the occasion of his visiting the place; but there was no place for the horse, except a small room which was employed as a kitchen, which was much more inconvenient to the family, than objectionable to the animal, except in the case of a warm fire, which, in colliery

neighbourhoods, is kept tolerably brisk. *There*, the horse, as varied in its entertainment as its master, rested in the apartment appropriated to it, undisturbed till the morning, except by the tick and bell of the clock and the chirp of the cricket. Betty, accustomed to early rising, was up betimes, when the horse was led to the door, fastened to the sheltered side of the cottage, and had some hay placed before it. Next in succession, was the removal of the litter from the floor, the latter undergoing a thorough scouring and purification. Ere it was time for breakfast, a rosie fire cheered the inmates, when they sat down to a frugal meal in an adjoining room—small but comfortable. As the house was not large, the family, in consequence of the preacher occupying the principal apartment and bed, had to shift for themselves, for couches, as best they could, or what else, on which to stretch their limbs.

Though pit-life has but little for poetry to revel in, yet the sauntering observer, passing through a pit-village, will now and then meet with a female full of youth, innocence, and beauty;—simplicity, blended with modesty, adorning, beneath the down-cast eye, her looks;—a virgin apprehension suffusing the cheek with blushes, on perceiving herself stared at by a stranger,—smiling, though unconsciously, by a momentary glance, the peering eye, with all the energy of unaffected innocence, mingled with a touch of doubtfulness;—her lips, revealing the ivory within, and giving utterance, in the sweetest terms of expressive apprehension, to a brief and prudent reply, to the enquiry made;—her auburn locks, modestly divided across her forehead, while a simple, easy, natural dignity, proclaims her the child, not of unsophisticated nature, but of grace. O, yes, there are gems every where, and when Christianity lays its hand upon them, like that of the lapidary, beauties are brought out which, otherwise, would have remained invisible to the human eye.

Betty was not without a touch of superstition. William had to take another journey to Whitehaven, owing either to death or sickness in the family, a sense of duty, or fraternal feeling. He went alone; and Betty felt an anxious solicitude for his safe return. She was in the habit of feeding the sparrows that frequented the doorway, and a robin that mingled with them, and shared in her bounty. The tale of "Cock-Robin" had accompanied her from childhood, with a feeling of tenderness and reality. As the time of William's return approached, she felt not a little interested in the movements of Robin. It was natural for the birds to resort to the place where they obtained food, and picked up the crumbs thrown out unmolested. But Robin was unusually familiar. He perched himself on a bush in front of the window, and looked—so Betty thought, and so she wished—wistfully towards the house; hopped from twig to twig, twitted, and fluttered his wings, whenever she appeared in sight. It occurred to her, "Willey will either send word, or be at home to-night." Robin left his perch, took up his temporary abode on the ledge of the window, and, turning his head sideways, peeped into the house. Betty's eye was upon him, while her wish was with Willey. It was enough. What else could it be but an omen of good. Her mind was at rest; and it so happened, that her husband returned that night. Robin lost nothing by this. His form was as dear to her heart, as his tale in childhood. Superstition of this kind is harmless, though generally the inmate of poverty and ignorance. Robin, however, might, if he did not, have fattened on the more affluent morsels thrown out after this for his benefit. What would have been the effect, if she could have read, or any one had read to her, some lines by a poet or poetess of Durham, penned at a subsequent period?

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Welcome, pretty truant king,
Come and of thy conquests sing,
Over winter's frost and snow,
Nature's elemental foe!
Robin, you were very bold!
When the mornings were so cold,
Then, perchance the haws were rare;
Therefore, did you sometimes dare
Hop upon our window's sill,
And your tiny red breast fill.
Bless you! I used oft to think
We should never see the blink
Of that merry little eye;
Mournful, I would often sigh.
But, huzza! you're here at last!
Come and share in our repast!
For Almighty God hath crown'd
Agriculture all around;
He hath blessed the "Plenty-horn,"
And our barns are filled with corn!
Robin, you need never want,
Only visit us and chant
Warbling carols to His praise,
He who lengthens out our days.

Willey, on it having been committed to memory, would never have heard the last of it. She would have felt its spirit, though a stranger to its poetry, and would have known something of the sentiment.

Another superstition, among others which prevailed, and in which she heartily participated, connects itself with pigeon feathers; being persuaded, that persons would be certain to have a hard struggle in death, if there were any of these in the bed or the pillow! It constituted an article in her social creed, from which religion never saved her. Being called to visit a

person near death, she took the poor object in her arms, and placed her in a chair, till she examined the pillows, &c., for the purpose of ejecting the mischievous imps, should any be found, which, from the character superstition had given them, assumed the shape of porcupine quills, rather than the softer plumage of the pigeon, that a quiet exit might be ensured to the patient. The expulsion of the feathers would, of course, mitigate the sufferings of the individual, with such a notion, if even the struggle were severe, as it would be inferred, that still greater would have been the lot of the departed, if the precaution had not been adopted. Such superstitions, interwoven in the texture of the mind, and so rife among the untutored masses from whom she sprung, are not remarkable; and being among the more harmless, though absurd, they were the less likely to be discarded at the earlier stage of her religious history.

Sunderland became a circuit in 1782, previously to which, it was connected with Newcastle. From that period it had its own appointed preachers. The ground over which it had to pass was extensive, and the appearance of the itinerants in some of the places, might be characterised as "angel visits, few and far between." So far down—say, 1810 or so, the Sunderland circuit embraced Houghton-le-Spring, Renton, Durham, Iveston, Ebchester, Newlands, Kiphill, Burnupfields, Green-side, Prudhoe, Blaydon, Swalwell, Winlaton, Whickham, Orpeth, Pelton, Chester-le-Street, Biddick, Washinton, Chatterheugh, Mount, Usworth, Lambton, Penshar, Hilton Ferry, West Boden, Cleadon, and a number of the intermediate places; which occupied the preachers six weeks in going round. The circuits were then called "ROUNDS," and the ministers "ROUND PREACHERS."

To hear some of these "Round Preachers," the Allens—not excepting Betty—deemed it no hardship to walk fourteen or fifteen miles on a Sabbath-day, in quest of spiritual nourish-

ment—listening to a ministry which, to them, was like the patriarch's "savoury meat,"—that in which their souls delighted. Persons hungering and thirsting after righteousness, soon learn to distinguish between the "chaff and the wheat;"—to discriminate, without any nicety in taste, or ability to criticise, what kind of preaching profits them most, and would not hesitate a single moment, which to select, whether Archbishop Laud, or the Bedford Tinker, John Bunyan,—whether South or Wesley, Dean Swift or George Whitfield, Spurgeon or Dr. "Dry-as-dust." Apart from wit, scholastic learning, and mere dry orthodoxy, the great Robert Hall was correct when he said, in answer to a question which went to elicit his opinion of an elegant sermon that had made some noise—"Man cannot feed on flowers."

The fiery chariot of Elijah had ere this conveyed the purified spirit of Whitfield to heaven, he having died in 1770. The Allens had never seen him; but his portrait was still hung up in the minds of those who had listened to him, and being often the subject of conversation, the untutored minds of the Allens were borne away with the impression, that he belonged to a superior order of beings. Charles Wesley too, was next to dead, surviving this period only three years, and was now singing in his seventy-sixth year,—

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity." *

* A beautiful little incident may be noticed, in connection with the death of Charles. John was preaching in the parish church of Madely, in Shropshire, when in the course of the service he gave out the hymn beginning with,—

"Come, let us join our friends above,"

the second verse closing with—

John Wesley, first and last of the noble Apostolic three, was still left in the ministerial harness, toiling as in early life with equal heart and head, but with less physical energy; he had for a long term of years, like the ocean, been not barely the heaving bosom of the world, but an untiring traveller, visiting the shores of different countries, though exploring the interior of few. The Allens were among his attentive and rapt hearers, during the remaining years of his life, in the course of his successive visits to the north.

A chapel being wanted, William and Charles, with other members of society, on leaving their work at the pits, instead of resting themselves at home after their toil, proceeded to the quarry, a mile distant, to hew stone for it; and they not only contributed their gratuitous labours, but also, what of their earnings they could spare towards the erection.

This might possibly have been either for Lumley or Chatershaugh, both of which were erected in 1784, and required the aid of the different societies for some few miles round. Pensher had its chapel, reared in 1778, towards which the two brothers lent their manual labour; now they could contribute a little in a pecuniary way. The first Methodist chapel on record in the county of Durham, is that of Gateshead Fell, built in 1754; then followed one near High Street in Sunderland, and Teesdale, in 1759; West Gate, in Weardale, 1763; Barnard Castle, in 1764; Monkwearmouth, 1766; Stockton, 1769; Durham and South Shields, 1770; Darlington, 1774; Burnop Field, 1775; Hilton-Ferry, 1776; Cotharstone and Mount, 1777; Aycliffe, 1780; Norton, 1781, and the two already named in 1784. Others succeeded in more rapid succession.

“Part of the host have cross’d the flood,
And part are crossing now.”

It was afterwards ascertained, as nearly as possible, that Charles was crossing the stream of death, just at the time John was giving out the hymn, and the congregation were wafting it in praise to heaven.

Mr. Wesley, on his journey to and from Scotland, in June and July, 1782, came no nearer Sunderland than Newcastle, Burnop-Field, and Gateshead Fell; but any of these places with Wesley as a loadstone, was sufficient to attract the warm-hearted colliers of the Wear to the services.

William being of a somewhat delicate constitution, and subject to occasional indisposition, Betty was anxious to effect his emancipation from the pit, as well as Charles, from toil and risk of life, by commencing some other mode of procuring a livelihood. They deliberated on the subject, and providence seemed to point the way to a small beginning in the grocery and provision line. It was indeed "the day of small and feeble things:" but Betty was thrifty,—William and Charles were industrious,—there were no expensive habits to support,—a few pounds saved,—and a few things were purchased to commence with. The room in which the domestic duties were discharged, served as a shop, so that they were not taxed with additional rent. Alas, her mercantile transactions were of short duration. In consequence of giving too much credit, ignorance of prices, not knowing the best markets, and other causalities, a failure succeeded. This, though her liabilities were not great, was a heavy stroke to the enlightened conscience of Betty; only amounting to five pounds! yet imparting more pain than the liabilities of five hundred thousand pound debtors of modern times, many of whom by a previous course of training in the school of deception, in order to secure fictitious credit, have acquired such a degree of hardihood, as to render conscience inaccessible to the pangs of remorse; previously flaunting abroad in their carriages, with their livery servants, and starting life again, either as independent gentlemen, or commencing business with as much gaiety and bronze as before, without a single thought on the subject of retribution, or a pang on account of those they may have involved in ruin by their

injustice and extravagance. Poor Betty sighed, prayed, wept; but she could not live in idleness, any more than on trust. She turned her hand to whatever would turn to profit above ground, while William and Charles were diving to depths below, hewing their way to an honest livelihood. They at length worked their way round to freedom from liability, and got a little beforehand, with which Betty again commenced business, accompanied with an additional stock of experience. She went on some time; but through the migratory lives of the pitmen—shifting often, as before hinted, to escape the cravings of creditors—she was once more brought low; another failure ensued, involving her in liabilities to the amount of twenty pounds. She now seemed beyond recovery. Not so: the noble trio struggled on, and by dint of hard labour, above and below, they discharged every liability—started anew in the same line as before—and never looked back. They had twice doubled the “Cape of Storms”—heavy to them, though trifling to others. But they were not quite in smooth water; though, upon the whole, the wind was favourable, coupled with a tolerable swell of canvas, and increased experience.

Though Betty, as has been stated, could neither read nor write, yet she kept tolerable correct accounts. She had a kind of mental arithmetic which served her purpose. She knew what she paid for articles, and the profit they ought to yield. She could count her fingers. Her business transactions were not large; her memory was good; and debts and blows are remembered as well and as long as most things.

The God whom she “served,” blessed her efforts. Business succeeded. Other help than her own was required in the shop; and who so suitable as her husband and brother-in-law? The day arrived when, for the last time, chiefly through Betty’s management and thrift, they were delivered from pit life, and brought to bask in open day; an event as joyous to her, as if

she had received them from a penal settlement, to which they had been doomed during the remainder of their days. O, the joy of each ! The birds warbling in the hedges and trees, the lambs playing their gambols in the fields, were not more happy than they. "Ye sal gan nea mair doon there,"* said Betty, when they entered the house after having ascended from the pit for the last time, and thrown aside their working habiliments. But the happiness of one is very often the disquiet of another. Envy, which has been compared to some young lucifer matches sneering at an old tinder-box, was now in operation. Their success excited the envy of those in humbler circumstances—for they had mounted a step or two on the ladder of fortune—and the "carnal mind," which is "enmity against God," and which had been in operation some time, burst forth with still greater violence, from a few of the excessively depraved, who reviled them as "canting hypocrites." Nor was this all. Self-interest stepped in. Some of the colliery-agents were drawn into the arena to do battle. The publicans were clamorous, and demanded that the "society folk," as they were denominated, should be driven out of the village : and the agents were so far influenced by them at one time,

* "You shall go no more down there. . . ." Persons bordering on the county of Northumberland, are often distinguished by the *bur*,—hawking the *r* up the windpipe, like the croaking of a rook. Some persons have never been able to conquer this peculiarity; others have, who have still retained the accent and pronunciation. The dialect of Betty was that of the Northumbrian in the more southern part of the county, or that of a little south of the Tyne. It is impossible to spell some of the words as they are pronounced ; for example, *soon*, *home*, *none*, &c., which are pronounced as though the letter *y* were slipped in between *h-em*, as *hyem*, for *home*, but pronounced as *one syllable*, and not as *hy-em*. To exhibit the good woman correctly in her *vernacularisms*, would be to render her unintelligible to numerous readers, as in the case of the Dorsetshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and some other dialects, though like music to the natives; her expressions therefore, with the exception of this specimen, are given in the ordinary language employed in social life.

before the good men quitted the lower regions, as to be induced to give them their discharge. This, however, was countermanded; and though they now stood aloof to such a menace, they were not without danger of being affected in their business. On the occasion of their discharge, the pitmen of the "baser sort," assembled in a public-house to commemorate the event of their triumph, by singing bachanalian songs. That storm, like many others, blew over; they were again reinstated, and Betty, as has been seen, hailed the day of their deliverance from such employment. They now each took a share in the business of the shop; Betty occasionally, as business pressed, and domestic duties would allow;—William, the most delicate, as a constant attendant on the customers, within doors,—and Charles, the least ailing, for the outward department, in carrying parcels to the customers, &c.

SECTION V.

STILL, though independent of underground employment, they were not, as yet, as stated, beyond the mildew influence of the colliery-agents. The "truck system," many years the curse of Sunderland, was carried on in the neighbourhood of the collieries. The agents, and their friends, and, in some instances, the owners themselves, had their "truck-shops," to which the pitmen were always expected, and sometimes bound, to go, at the risk of losing their employment.* In such cases, they were

* The shops of these persons, who are engaged in the "truck-system," are called "*Tommy Shops*," in Lancashire, and elsewhere. In April 1858, it is stated, that "six informations were heard at Wolverhampton, before John Leigh, Esq., one of the parties being Enoch Meacham, a "butty" or charter-master *collier*, in the employ of Messrs. Hickman, iron masters, Bilston, for

often furnished with a worse article, at a higher cost, than they could obtain elsewhere. The price was deducted from their wages, and the poor men were impressed with the delusive notion that they were highly privileged, in being thus furnished with an opportunity of supplying their wants without ready cash, though strict care was taken not to allow them to overdraw the amount of their earnings. The Allens were at first requested to give up their connexion with the Methodists; to this they objected; and converts were becoming too numerous for the interests of the owners, to allow a serious inroad on the ranks of the workmen, so as to diminish the number necessary to supply the demand of the market for coal. As the two brothers were beyond the reach of both agents and owners, in this respect, the only soreness left was the *shop*, which operated against the grasping power of the "truck-system," in which everything was taxed, as to weight, measure, and quality. They continued however, to gather strength; not like some "SUCCESSFUL MERCHANTS," whose whole mercantile course is that of so many *successful sharks*, taking advantage, in a kind of christianly disguised way, of the *necessities* of the poor, under certain untoward circumstances;—game for which they are ever in wait, throwing out their line, to change the metaphor, like the angler, furnished with suitable bait, and a sufficient stock of acquired knowledge, either communicated by others or artfully drawn out of the unsuspecting dupes themselves;—

paying *colliers'* wages in flour, groceries, and other provisions. A collier's wife, proved that of 5s. 1d. wages due, she only received at the defendant's "Tommy-Shop," 1s. 3d. in money, and the rest in goods; of 10s. 6d. only 2s. 6d. in money, and so on. The defendant was convicted in a penalty of £6. in each case, and £1. extra costs. On the application of his attorney, a case was granted for the Court of Queen's Bench. Other cases were gone into against different persons with the like result; and in these cases, in default of payment, the alternative was three months' imprisonment." See *Wolverhampton Journal*.

now whetting the appetite for their hungry maw, and then drawing a little nearer with feigned shyness,—next starting off with a depreciation of the article, a statement of old prices—a quantity of stock of the same kind on hand. Slack markets—scarceness of money—lastly, closing with a profession of personal kindness in the purchase of the article. The counting-house door is no sooner closed, than each of the partners chuckle over the artfully accomplished bargain. The Allens were too simple for such tricks; too honest to employ them, if they had known them; and too truthful to garnish their dealings over with a class of depreciations and false pretences. Though the moderately circumstanced retail dealer cannot boast of the wholesale sweep of the market, and is more dependant on the good opinion of his customers than their necessities, he has various opportunities, if selfish and unprincipled, of imposing upon the unpracticed and ignorant.

They are not birds of the most beautiful plumage, that are always shot for food; if so, we should not have a specimen peacock left in the land, unless such as are stuffed to ornament the ornithological department of a museum: and it scarcely need be stated, that we are not always to look to persons of the boldest and most animated profession, for saints of the first order. “Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.” All real character must be determined by the result, not by what goes before, but by what is left behind. “The tree is known by its fruit,”—not by the profusion of its leaves, or even of its blossoms. It is laid down as a rule, that the measure and gauge of a person’s virtues can only be taken—to be correct—when it is seen how they wear in the entire piece, and not by the fragment which the person professes to have cut out merely for the purpose of exhibition. The stock should never be inferior to the sample; profession and principle should go hand in hand.

The word of the Allens was equal to a bond, and might be relied on, however inimical to their temporal interest. Uprightness and integrity have many friends in the world, even among such as exemplify neither in their dealings. There is an impression of safety in their presence. These virtues drew around the Allens, as they proceeded in the march of life, a circle of valuable friends, most of whom were among the "excellent of the earth," and not a few in the higher walks of society, who, through their example and solicitations, were induced to aid the cause of truth and virtue. Christianity, in this view, is a living principle of virtue in all its possessors, and imparts this further blessing to society, that it not only prompts the more humane and thoughtful to works of mercy, but restrains the vices of the more profligate, and so becomes "a tree of life," yielding immortal fruit, whose very "leaves are given for the healing of the nations."

Honour and honesty in these simple minded persons—the Allens, though differing in their signification according to the conventional ideas of those who use them, were inseparable. They were satisfied with the broad fact, without being able to enter into the niceties of the subject, that honour could not exist without honesty, nor could honesty be otherwise than regarded with honour—leaving other considerations, of which they knew so little, to persons skilled in the more debateable points of ethical science, and who, in agreeing to maintain the distinction, accept the counterfeit for the reality. This peculiar distinction may be illustrated by two classes of the community, who, down to "The Successful Merchant," play no insignificant part in the general scheme of every day life, and who have been divided into those whose business transactions are unsanctioned by law, but who depend for their fulfilment on the mere "honour" of the parties with whom they deal; and on the other hand, the class among whom "honesty" is held

to be the punctual payment of their debts, and the due fulfilment of whatever engagements they may have entered into; and so long as they are not wanting on these points, have little scruple about practicing the petty trickeries "in the way of trade," to which custom or a conventional usage has tended to reconcile their consciences. The man who sands his sugar, waters his treacle, or adulterates every article he vends, thinks himself, no doubt, an "honest" man, despite his dishonourable practices, provided always he can boast that he owes no man a shilling; while, on the other side, the black-leg of the turf, or the unprincipled sharper, whose mercantile life is passed in one undeviating course of cheating, and taking the advantage of the necessities of the poor, whether widow or orphan, or the gambler of some low hell, is each only sedulous for the assumption of his "honour," without much regard to his character for common honesty. Admitting, in this classification, the tradesman not to be indebted to any one the small amount of a shilling, does he owe nothing to his customers for his adulteration, for false weights and measures? And do the others owe nothing to honour, to virtue, to morals—to those whom they have ruined?

Towards the close of May and the commencement of June, 1784, Mr. Wesley, on his return from Scotland—having proceeded thither by way of Carlisle—cheered the societies of Newcastle, Gateshead Fell, Howden Pans, North Shields, Sunderland, and Monkwearmouth, by his presence and labours. The rain confined him to the Orphan House at Newcastle. At Gateshead Fell, he was obliged to preach abroad, in consequence of "the multitudes that flocked together." On one of the days (Tuesday) he preached at Howden Pans in the morning, at North Shields in the afternoon, and at Newcastle in the evening, "where the congregation was larger than it had been for many years, and the society was much alive, being in great

peace and harmony." At Sunderland also, he "found the work of God in a prosperous state." Here, he says, "I saw as many of the people, sick or well, as I could, and was much comforted among them." On the Sabbath, he states, he "preached at eight in the room; at eleven in Monkwearmouth church;" and "purposed preaching abroad at Newcastle in the evening, but the weather not permitting," he "preached in the house." Here were nine sermons from Sabbath to Sabbath, exclusive of writing, reading, visiting the societies, and travelling from place to place: one of the ordinary weeks of this Apostolic man! To the Allens his visits were as welcome as the return of spring.

Having removed from Penshar to Shiney-Row, and saved a little money, the Allens contemplated building a house, shop, warehouse, &c., on a piece of ground which was offered for sale. Not being able to raise the full amount necessary for the purchase of the ground and the erections, Michael Longridge, Esq., afterwards of Hunter's Hall, near Sunderland, who appreciated their real worth, lent them, on interest, as much as would complete the object, and it was not long before the principal was returned; when they were at once independent both of colliery-agents and colliery-owners, sheltered beneath a roof of their own.

To Mr. Longridge the Allens owed a debt of gratitude; nor less the children of the poor, over whose moral and intellectual buddings he watched in Sabbath schools. He was a leader and local preacher in the Wesleyan society, and was one of the "Delegates" appointed to meet the Conference, as noticed in the published documents of the day, during the struggles of Mr. Kilham and his friends, 1795-7. He took a deep interest in the religious training of youth, and published at his own cost various catechisms and other small tracts for their use. In all the other christian, moral, benevolent, and literary institutions, at all cal-

culated to promote the welfare of his species, he took the lead. He had a large well selected library, rich in history and the works of the old Puritan divines, in which to range; a due appreciation of the value of the latter of which he sensibly felt. He had but little genius; but what was more safe, he had sober, chastised feeling, and a sound judgment. Hostile to all glare and display, he contented himself with the use of good Saxon phraseology, and let his meaning appear through the transparent medium of common, but appropriate words. He recognized the truth, that clear and distinct enunciation of thought is the most beautiful, and that a writer and speaker's superiority is best evinced by the nice adaptation of language to sentiment. Obvious as such a principle is, there is none more commonly violated by the more showy among young preachers, who seem to place great reliance on a kind of verbal mysticism, a vagueness of speech, which, upon examination, proves but the dazzling attire of common-place ideas.

Mr. Longridge was a man who often did good by stealth; not allowing his right hand to know what his left did. In this way he frequently employed the press, as stated above, at his own cost, and generally without his name. A few of his publications may be noticed:—"An Address to the Heads of Families, on the Necessity of Family Religion." 1793. "An Essay on Studying the Scriptures, designed for Religious Young Persons who have not much Leisure." "A Few Words to the Disobedient." 1794. "Sunday Schools Recommended as a Religious Institution: with a Plan for their Extension, at a Small Expense." 1790. "A Sermon on John iii. 3, The New Birth." 1791. "A Short Catechism compiled for the Use of Schools." "Extracts from Dr. Paley's Sermons: also from Pierce's Life of Birmingham." These might be multiplied, but are sufficient to shew the deep interest he felt in the welfare of persons of tender age, and his anxiety to promote family

and personal religion in connection with persons of riper years.

While Mr. Longridge was consulted on religious and commercial subjects, John Ward, Esq., Solicitor, of Durham, was the legal oracle of the Allen family; a gentleman who merits more than a passing notice. He married the Honourable Miss Gower, and was a gentleman of bland and dignified demeanour, well acquainted with the current literature of the day. No one desirous of mental culture could be in his society without acquiring a taste for polite literature. To young persons just out of their teens, whose object was the pulpit or the bar, he was exceedingly engaging; and with considerable *delicacy would suggest different points, and furnish gentle hints, where necessary, without appearing to do so, for particular or general improvement. This is the language of experience, with those who basked in the sunshine of his society. He was not of the pointed, sententious, or antithetical school, but manifested a wider topic of illustration,—all welling from his lofty and exuberant soul, as from a natural fountain. He was exceedingly guarded in his judgment of living men, and expressed himself clearly and eloquently, without any exaggeration or attempt at effect. Though the substantiality of his genius might be doubted, he possessed the higher order of the thinking faculty. His powers were of an extraordinary kind. He could run down a page or two of a book, and give you the whole nearly verbatim on the first perusal. His memory, though by no means equal to that of either Seneca or Scaliger, was unusually capacious and tenacious, enabling him to advert with readiness to the subject matter of his more favourite authors. He confessed to a friend that he never read a grammar through in his life; and yet, such was the attention he had paid to the style, &c., of the best authors, that it would have been difficult to detect the least grammatical inaccuracy,

either in his writing or his speaking. Though his talent was such as occasionally to dazzle, he never dazzled to delude. He possessed seriousness and gravity of character; and his whole life was exalted by a religious and moral purpose. As a rhetorician, he would, if he had practiced at the bar, have been a first-class speaker—but would have shone more as a debater than a declaimer. He has been heard in a Methodist love-feast pour forth the utterances of a renewed heart, with simplicity, humility, ease, and elegance, just as though he had left the presence of his Saviour, in companionship with the “beloved disciple,” thrilling, enchanting, and melting the hearts of the most uneducated colliers in pit districts. What an example! He was connected, from youth, with the old Wesleyan body, but afterwards left it, together with his excellent lady, in consequence of the arbitrary conduct of a succession of Superintendents appointed to Durham when it became the head of a circuit, and united himself to the New Connexion, in whose communion he died, in 1856, upwards of ninety years of age.

What Mr. Ward said, was next to gospel truth in the esteem of the Allens; and to have access to such rarities in the profession, and to receive counsel from their lips, is no ordinary mercy to civil life, as was felt by these simple-minded persons. Though a “limb of the law,” he was neither of club nor cloven foot in legal matters. Messrs. Longridge and Ward highly respected the family. They looked at the core, and were heedless of the rind. Worth is with those that have it; honour is with such as confer it; and it is preferable to be without respect, when merited, then to enjoy it undeservingly. But the quiet peaceable lives of the family, rendered it less necessary for them to resort to the lawyers office, than many others in more affluent circumstances, except for the security or transfer of property; and Betty especially, had generally sufficient on hand to attend

to in the little world of Shiney-Row, and in her own domain, which, to her, was another world, with its tiny cares.

Business having extended beyond their own immediate locality, they found it necessary to purchase an ass, in order to carry meal, flour, and other heavier articles to their customers. This ass, either by Charles himself, or by the people, in consequence of its visits being as regular as those of its master, and found in companionship with him by the way, was called "Charley." And never was Baalam's ass, till stopped in the way by the angel, more obedient to its master, than this docile creature to Charles Allen. Business still increasing, a horse and cart followed. This is the more remarkable, when taken in connection with Betty's treatment of some of her customers. A person in the same line of business, sold a greater quantity of currants and raisins than the Allens. Why! the poor people were afraid to enter the shop for particular articles, as elsewhere stated, lest Betty should be in, knowing that they would only be served according to circumstances, or the necessity of the case. It was not uncommon therefore, for conscious guilt to peer into the window, to see whether or not the monitor was at hand.

Betty continued, as she often had done, to deplore her want of education. She felt no pressing need of it, till she commenced the shop, and became concerned for personal religion; and then her domestic duties, and her attention to business, occupied so much of her time, to keep all correct, clean, and in order, that she had no time to spare for mental cultivation. Her business was very circumscribed at first, amounting to little more than a few shillings; and the small debts due to her were matters that rivetted themselves pretty closely on the memory. By the time her transactions rose to pounds, William and Charles were at hand to help her; and each having grown, by this time, into practical knowledge, scores could be counted as readily as a

pound with its shillings. The good woman, however, never ceased to regret her want of education, and this led her to value and promote it the more in others; supporting afterwards, at no small expense, a school for boys, and another for girls, together with Sabbath schools; a case so rare, that special attention cannot be otherwise than drawn towards it, as persons destitute of education themselves seldom feel disposed to support it in others.

On their removal to Shiney-Row, about a mile from Penshar, where they now had resided some time, and were comfortably settled in business, they contemplated the erection of a chapel, unwilling to live in their "ceiled house," while the church and out-door population required a suitable place to worship in, and which was the more necessary as a kind of centre for the neighbouring rows and hamlets, which were clustering round the village. But this could not be finally accomplished till some years after; meanwhile, they had a place large enough to accommodate the society, though not large enough for their yearnings for the salvation of the outcasts around them.

SECTION VI.

FROM the period that Sunderland became the head of a circuit in 1782, to the close of 1786, the societies were favoured, with only one or two exceptions, with the ministry of the less distinguished men of the Connexion. The preachers were Messrs. Duncan Wright, Thomas Dixon, Wm. Collins, George Holder, James Wood, John Hampson, jun., and John Beanland. *Duncan Wright* was a plain, staunch Scotchman, with a smack of the honest Covenanter about him. *Thomas Dixon*, though a stout man, was occasionally on a low key. Mr. Bramwell met him in one of his dejected moods—prayed with him—encouraged him, and told him to preach on faith, till he

obtained it. He took the advice—rose above his fears—burst forth like a flame of fire—and was, for some time, exceedingly useful to persons of a low nervous temperament. *Wm. Collins* is but little known. *George Holder* descended to comparatively recent times. He had a feeble mind—was deeply pious—and a child in simplicity. He had a “help-meet” in his good wife, who was the most sensible and best speaker of the two; himself having been petitioned for a second year, to the Hexham circuit, the petition being based on the fact, that his wife had been so useful; a compliment—for they were a loving pair—which would be as grateful to George, as if it had been tendered to himself. *Mr. Beanland's* race was short, and, it is to be hoped, successful. Messrs. *Wood* and *Hampson* appear to have been the most respectable in point of talent, and were the only two that availed themselves of the press, as well as the pulpit, for extended usefulness. *Mr. Wood* was a man of sound judgment, and distinguished for the solemnity of his manner, both in the pulpit and in social life. He published nearly a re-print of *Brown's Dictionary of the Bible*, in which he tried to Arminianise the Calvinism of *Brown*, in equally homely language. He employed the press on other subjects, with a pen, though good, as heavy as his manner. *Mr. Hampson*, in addition to *Wesley's Life*, in 3 vols. 24mo., published some Sermons, and also “*The Poetics of Marcus Hieronymus Vida, Bishop of Alba; with Translations from the Latin of Dr. Lowth, Mr. Gray, and others,*” in 1793, having, by that time, obtained the honourary title of *Master of Arts*. The style of *Mr. Hampson* is easy, and more cultivated than that of *Mr. Wood*; but neither of them were either original or profound. *Hampson*, however, as a preacher, was by far the most popular of the two, while the deep toned piety of *Wood* gave him a firmer hold of the devout mind. *Mr. Hampson* afterwards entered the Established Church, and obtained the

Rectory of Sunderland. But it was of little importance whether the preacher ranked among the higher or lower order of public speakers, the affections of the people were generally fed; and it will be found that the poorer, generally speaking, are nearly as capable of appreciating eloquence and genius, as the higher classes. Many listen to a celebrated man solely from his prestige, and are ashamed to find fault. To dismiss the preacher for a moment, and repair to the statesman, Fox and Burke were as welcome at the hustings as ever they were at St. Stephens; listened to as applaudingly by promiscuous crowds, as by their more select audience of fellow-representatives. The teaching that is not directed to the masses, is of very little use.

If the people are to be substantially benefitted, and internally moved, experience tells us, that it is not to be by read sermons,—by sermons purloined from others, and parroted out from memory, in which the heart of the reciter has no interest,—by adaptations from old writers,—by mere imitations of popular characters,—by flimsy translations from the French,—by scraps thrown together from so many authors, like Joseph's coat of many colours, or patch-work for a cushion, to dose upon,—by loose, unstudied, incoherent rant, but by that which has cost something—which is the result of careful reading, close thought, intelligent observation, personal experience, and much prayer. That which has not been preceded by prayer as well as study, and is not adapted as well as designed to save sinners and edify the Church, will only provoke the prophetic inquiry, "What is the chaff to the wheat?" It has been well said, that he is the best preacher who reads most, especially in the Bible, and who spends time in reflecting on, and praying over, what he has read. He is not the most successful preacher, who spends the most time in the mere manufacture of a sermon—who is more desirous how it will look than what it will effect—how it will please the ear, rather than find its way to the heart.

Writing is not to be neglected, in as much as it improves the style, and conduces to clearness and consistency of thought, as well as to distinctness of impression. A literal memory is not without its advantages; but happier is he, who, in his reading, forgets the words and retains the thoughts of others, and who, in writing, leaves a vacancy for pulpit thoughts, and the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. Good memories and little piety convert preachers into mere copyists and pulpit thieves. Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts: and he will have most power who is most in prayer.

Mr. James Wood, who, as has been stated, was the first preacher that domiciled under the roof of the Allens, met Betty on Newcastle bridge, both being on a visit to the town, the latter on business, in order to stock the shop with such articles as might be required. On exchanging civilities, Mr. Wood said, directing her attention to the person with whom he was in company,—“This is Mr. Hampson, sister Allen;” adding, “he intends to pay you a visit at Shiney-Row, and preach to you.” Mr. Hampson had preceded Mr. Wood in the circuit, but owing to certain arrangements, had not been at the place generally attended by Betty, nor had she even seen him. She scanned her intended visitor from head to foot, with emotions to which she had before been a stranger. Mr. Hampson, son of an old preacher, noted in his day for strong sense and muscular power, had little more than reached manhood; was gentlemanly in his manners—had a fair complexion—agreeable features—and was finished off with a profusion of powder both in his hair and on the cape of his coat, which drew upon him the cognomen of “the white-headed lad.” Hitherto, Betty, as to old preachers, had been accustomed only to look upon bush wigs, blue coats, horn buttons, and lank hair. But here she witnessed a new order of things; and on her return home, could think and talk of nothing but the “fine gentleman” she had seen, who was about

to pay them a visit. Mr. Wood, she could do with, having entertained him; his quiet, sedate, retired habits, pairing somewhat with her own. But this "gentleman!" What was to be done? Touched with a little of that to which she was generally a stranger,—viz. fear, she said to her husband,—“Now Wully, we must have something very good—something out of the common way.” Willy, chiming in with the proposal, enquired, “What must it be?” “A leg of lamb, some green peas, and a fadge,” was the reply. On Mr. Hampson’s arrival, he was received with reverence,—not as a “brother beloved,” but as a personage somewhat more elevated. The powdered head produced strange effects, in the midst of pit views, habits, and feelings: even Betty was subdued by appearances, though she ultimately burst away from her traces, and furnished a few strokes and tints towards the developement of natural character. “Now, Wully and Charles,” said Betty, “we must let the gentleman have his dinner by himself, and will sit by, and get ours after.” Thus settled, Mr. Hampson being seated—William and Charles, each in a chair, clean, trim, and stiffly mannered, off at a side, near whom Betty took her stand, ready for any little attention that might be required. Mr. Hampson, accepting their refusal to sit at table, commenced, by cutting at once into the middle of the leg of lamb. Betty stared at him, while proceeding in this “new fangled” way, as it was called, making a gap in the centre, and so spoiling its appearance—the plan of the house being to attack the thick end first, and then to proceed regularly onward to the knuckle, as from the thick to the thin end of a wedge, or by reversing it: at length, her patience being exhausted, she fixed her eyes upon him, and broke forth,—“Why man, what for are ye cutting the meat in that way? What a piece of extravagance? Did you never see a leg of lamb cut before? If these are your gentlemanly ways, I have done with them;” subjoining, while turning to

them, "Come Wully and Charley, sit up, and let us have our dinners." So said, they planted themselves at the table, with the ready motion of automata on the wires being touched, when Betty took the duties of the board upon herself, and carved for the party. The reverend guest, whose fair face assumed a deeper carnation tint than before, and whose round, soft, blue eyes, sparkled with something besides pleasure, sat mute and motionless a brief space, till helped in the regular way, when he submitted to make the best of his position. Having disposed of the first, Betty proceeded to the second course, and was about to assist him. "What is that?" enquired her new comer. "Its a *fadge*,* to be sure," said Betty; asking in her turn, "did you never see a fadge before?" appending; as though her guest were a little shy in engaging it,—“Your Lord and Master had many a worse dinner. Ye need not stare at it.” Mr. Hampson who was scarcely harnessed, at the moment, for becoming “all things to all men,” or even to the female, in matters indifferent—the female being entitled, from courtesy, to a little more forbearance than the opposite sex—was far from being enamoured with his hostess, and could never endure her society afterwards.

It was Betty's misfortune that she had never been taught the art of carving, either by practice or precept. But this is an art to which many in better circumstances are not entitled to any claim. Had she been in training, her manner of carving joints and other provisions would have been different, as it often does, from the difference of the manner, affect the consumption and comfort of a family. She studied economy, not ele-

* A "*fadge*," in the cottages of the poor, is a kind of flour-pudding, with suet, without eggs, and worked into the consistency of paste for bread, about an inch in thickness, or so, baked under the meat; the latter sometimes resting upon it, well browned, and enriched with gravy,—of course, more adapted to the settings of good teeth than bad.

gance; and though thorough carving depends more on skill than strength, rules would have been generally lost on Betty. Her knife—and these are the essentials—was neither too large, nor too small, and of keen edge—and the dish generally allowed fair scope for operation, in giving command over the joint. The meat that graced the humble board of the family, consisted mostly in the more fleshy joints, such as beef, a leg or saddle of mutton, a fillet of veal, &c. It was not her habit to cut thin, smooth, neat slices,—passing the knife carefully through the bones of beef and mutton. Her's was in the wholesale, rather than in the retail fashion; not in the French, but in the old English mode of helping at a farm house. Good broth supplied the place of soups. The old proverb is—"The table robs more than the thief." But the thief of waste was not allowed here.

A person, at a subsequent period, having heard several things respecting the peculiarities of Betty, requested a friend acquainted with the family, to introduce him to the house. They were both ushered into the parlour. "Sit doon there," said Betty; subjoining, without asking whether they were disposed to take any refreshment, or of what description they might be inclined to choose, "and I'll bring ye a basin o' broth." Dinner was in the course of preparation, and nearly ready; the broth, therefore, was to "stay the stomach," and warm the guests, till the cloth should be laid, and the dinner served. She soon returned with two basons, well filled, and bread neatly cut into small squares, as on a sacramental occasion. No time was spent in needless compliments. The stranger was treated as a familiar friend, and expected to take what was placed before him.

Any want of courtesy in Betty was a failing more than a fault, and ought to have brought out the forbearance of her reverend guest, to which she was as much entitled, in looking

at the provision she had made, as he was to the more refined courtesies of life, and which he would have had, if her humble training had admitted of it. When anything like refinement looks rusticity in the face, they boggle at each other like a cow at a strange gate, and it too often happens, that the one is as stiff in descending, as the other is awkward in rising. A little schooling is as necessary to uproot old habits, as to unsettle antiquated notions. Extremes, before they can meet, must travel from the thick to the thin end of the leg of lamb, and so meet each other half way, by dipping into the centre. She was singular, not eccentric. It has been well observed, that nothing can more effectually prove the absence of good taste in women than to be singular from design. There was no design in Betty. She was so constituted as to be unavoidably singular; and this trait in her character was such, as to impress her friends with the fact, that she would, by studying to be more like the generality of her sex, have lost materially in originality and strength of character. One of the most wholesome and effectual checks on an ill-judged desire to be singular, is derived from the fact, that singularity in females invariably provokes remark; that kind of remark which degenerates into scandal, and that kind of scandal which destroys all due influence, as well as a desire to be useful. Nor does it terminate here: for, in addition to provoking the laughter and ridicule of the gay, an oddity not unfrequently awakens the displeasure of the grave, and is often more severely reflected upon for comparatively innocent peculiarities, than for acts of real transgression. Betty was not an oddity. She was singular and had her peculiarities, but was never frivolous; she had sincerity and gravity enough to command respect, and authority sufficient to ensure obedience.

The obligation to bear and forbear is enhanced in proportion to the light received, the grace possessed, the privileges

enjoyed. Where much is given, much is required. The crop only disappoints when disproportionate to the seed sown. Betty's peculiarities should have produced forbearance, not aversion. Civility is said to be a fortune in itself; and courteous persons succeed when others of superior ability fail. It is observed of Marlborough, by a contemporary, that his agreeable manners very often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favour by his grace, than to receive one from some other men. The affable manners of Charles James Fox too, preserved him from general dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The experience of every man furnishes, if we look at the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. On a person being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. Civility is said to be in men what beauty is in women—a general passport to favour—a letter of recommendation. So true is the assertion, that the best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, while the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners: hence, of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous has twice the chance for public favour by means of his courtesy.

These remarks are not intended to apply to Mr. Hampson, who had nothing of rudeness in his manners; but rather as an apology for Betty, who, by nature, belonged to the hasty, impatient, and unbendable, though possessed of a sufficient number of excellent qualities to mantle over such defects to persons who best knew her; and to shew that, when such persons happen to cross our path, they furnish us with an

opportunity for displaying the amiable ; while by a disposition to look over and accommodate, we not only smother the fire that might otherwise be kindled, but gain a conquest over ourselves, and so add to our own comfort.

SECTION VII.

BETTY ALLEN, in Methodism, like the famous " Billy Dawson," rarely received the respectful designation to which her position afterwards entitled her, the name having once devolved upon her, had been perpetuated from *character*, rather than *status*; and because of its general use, and the familiar bearing of many of her expressions, sentiments, and modes of proceeding, it has been adopted throughout the narrative for the sake of keeping. She was rather above the ordinary size—a couple of inches, say, over the head of her husband and brother-in-law;—rather bony—well, though not heavily, or clumsily, clothed with the softer part of the human system;—had a clear, healthy skin;—dark hair,—an expressive eye,—a fine blush of health on the cheek,—good features, though inclined to the sharp and the strong, and, in some peculiar moods and aspects, shadowing forth a touch of severity. In her figure, she was straight, well made, proportionate, and, in high life, with a suitable education, would have had the commanding step and gait of a duchess. Her dress partook of that of the Quakeress, both in shape and quality, as also in colour, except when she wore black;—her head-dress being a plain cap, neatly crimped, surmounted, when she went abroad, with a scuttle bonnet;—while the shawl thrown over her shoulders, closely pinned, would not if folded together, have appeared half the bulk of what a gentleman ties round his neck when he is going to travel,—so wide apart from the twenty guinea shawls of modern times, in which

some of the ladies parade the streets, as if wrapped in a bed-quilt, or walking in blankets. She knew nothing of spring, summer, autumn, or winter fashions. Her's were those of the century, divided into four quarters. She had a pair of what she called, "*Sunday Shoes*," in which she regularly walked to chapel, saying to a friend at a period subsequent to this, when slipping them on,—“See, I have worn these shoes fourteen years;” which said shoes, having served two apprenticeships, would warrant—so far as her pedestrianism and careful habits were concerned—a second fourteen years servitude. Dr. Gregory would have partly chimed in with Betty's taste, who tells us, that the beauty of dress consists in not being conspicuous; neither in distorting nor overloading the human form with unnatural additions. Personal appearance is unquestionably a subject for consideration; but every one should dress with a reference to their position in society. So did Betty. Mental qualities are often judged by the exterior. Permanent impressions are those that are made at first; and such as were made on seeing Petty Allen, were those of the respect which is due to plainness, neatness, and cleanliness; points which generally gain favour. She had a place and purpose for everything; and a day, or part of a day, for religious, social, and other duties; ordering all, and ruling all;—dress always suited to the day, and to her work.*

Taking up the last thought, nature seemed to have placed

* Mr. Wesley was a little more severe in his taste than Dr. Gregory, on the subject of dress. John studied economy in every thing. He advised the females to wear the *scuttle bonnet*, and dissuaded parents from allowing the children to wear *buttons*. The Rev. M. Miller, in a lecture on Wesley, takes a pleasant view of this peculiarity in the Founder of Methodism.—“His views of dress,” he remarks, “went nearly as far as Clemens of Alexandria. Very few ladies now-a-days would be able to enter John Wesley's *boudoir*—it would be far too strait for them. In after life, he regretted that he had not made his laws in this respect far more stringent. It seemed to him some-

the sceptre in her hand, in her small domain, in times of peace, as Providence placed the hammer and the nail in the hands of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, in time of war,—only, for a different object. Both were noble, commanding women, though mentally differently equipped. Betty kept all awake around her, and allowed a certain space for repose, while Jael threw over Sisera the hush of death. Jael was light of foot, and “went softly;” her work required it. Betty, on the other hand, was denuded of all guile: she would entrap no one, but proceeded to work with a firm step, and, under a sense of duty, was no less steady to her purpose than Jael. In the discharge of that duty, there was no zig-zag route towards its accomplishment. You saw her with her object before her from beginning to end, as steady as a pointer in scent of game: no hesitancy, no shrinking, no waiting for fitful moments, no attempt to surprise; up, and at it, at once. She had neither time nor talent for scheming,—was too honest for trickery and embellishment. The mirror was clear, and the frame-work without its carvings and gildings. There was nothing extraneous to divert attention from the image presented. The entire woman was there—correct—alone—and life-like. It was, in short, BETTY ALLEN,—and all was accepted as the genuine, current coin of the realm, bearing the image and superscription of the domestic queen—not Elizabeth, but Betty.

Her leading characteristics were plain, common sense—

thing more than foolish that the dress of Christians should be regulated by dandies and fashionables; he was determined that such things should not be; and he (the lecturer) honoured him for it. We needed more of his advice; we had entirely given up the right of private judgment to Parisian milliners and the West End; and we must either obey these notables of fashion or ‘go to Coventry.’ But, after all, it seemed to indicate something small in the mind of a great man, his laying down laws about bonnets, coat collars, and shoe-buckles, for there is nothing everlasting and eternal in them. In this respect Luther stood out the greater man.”

honesty—fearlessness—openness—a high sense of honour—generosity blended with thrift—order—cleanliness—severity mingled with tenderness—industry, amounting to constant toil—integrity—impatience, perhaps, rather than peevishness—and hastiness, as the fruit of her impatience. Though her general demeanour seemed to leave the impression, that William would have been classed by Burns among “hen-pecked husbands,” and that Charles and he were dealt by as children, yet in making her requests, it was neither in the spirit, nor with the air of an issue of orders to a menial, but resolved itself into a mere species of mannerism, resulting from early habit; and the two good men having been brought up with it, understood and felt it as such. She inwardly revered William, and loved Charles as a brother; and neither of them, from an impression that she was doing nothing but what was proper, and would do nothing intentionally wrong, were disposed to object to her having the supreme government of domestic matters, while they had the control of the shop; confident in her general sense of order and propriety, and so ceding to her the right of doing things in her own way. They sat at table—took what was handed to them—placed things in the order they were found—left each article of furniture, not in use, as it stood—and only moved under the approving sanction of her eye and word. As the eyes of a servant are to her mistress, so were theirs in pleasing submission towards those of Betty. The cast of the eye was watched, as well as the expression of the countenance. They worked to each other’s hand as truly and harmoniously as the wheels of a watch. And admitting—of which, however, there is no evidence—any thing like repulsion or friction in early life, when destitute of personal religion, habit had long reduced occurrences to matters of indifference, which, to others, though trivial in themselves, would be matter of unusual excitement. Though Betty had

but little flexibility in her movements towards others, there was a marked difference in reference to those of her own family, in cases of priority and authority, on any claim being instituted. William was the acknowledged head of the house, though he never seemed to assume that position. He paid, as hinted, the greatest deference to Betty; invariably looked up to her, as though she were the head,—a point rather ceded than usurped, and once ceded, steadily, though lovingly maintained. Each seemed naturally, easily, gently, and willingly to fall into the domestic traces,—Betty, of course, whether real or apparent, as the leader, and the others agreeably moving on. To others than her own family, she went straight on,—neither swerving to the right nor to the left; the same with persons of the first quality as with her equals,—literally, though not rudely, no respecter of persons. She was natural, as De Quincey would say, but not gross, homely—rather than simple.

Her conversational powers being but small, she had the less disposition to indulge in the gossip and small talk of ordinary life. She scarcely knew what an anecdote was, and had neither patience nor ability to string together the different parts of a story, though she could see its bearings with a glance of the eye, and knew how it should be improved, both morally and religiously. What she said was generally comprised in a single sentence or two, elicited for the moment, by some particular occurrence, or an answer to some particular question. Her yea, generally speaking, was yea, and her nay, nay. There was no need for any one to wade through a long preface, as in the case of some authors, as well as speakers, to puzzle out her meaning, in a cloud of mistifying words. She was all over Saxon, without knowing it. Her note was like that of the bugle of a regiment of cavalry—sometimes sharp, always clear and decisive. She was an observer rather than a narrator; so also, were her husband and brother-in-law.

Another peculiarity was, though neither mopish nor melancholy, that she was never known to laugh, and but seldom to smile. It was not in her nature, however, to treat any one with severity, who trespassed in this way. The old African king, Charka, who used to put to death any of his courtiers who caused him to laugh, whether by accident or design, would have excited horror; nor would she have tolerated the conduct of Tiberius, who, though he could relish a little laughter at the expense of others, was certain to punish it when turned against himself. Betty had no wit of her own to sport, and she was unable to comprehend it in others. It was more at the act itself than the occasion that she looked: the latter was lost upon her, otherwise she might have joined in the hilarity. She had none of that mirth which Arnot, in his *Illustrations of the Proverbs*, considers the medicine of the mind; lauding cheerful, and even mirthful conversation, as unequalled in its efficacy for restoring the tone of both body and mind, when overwrought by previous exercise. The philosophy of this to Betty was incomprehensible, if not wrong. She could not, in her opinion, rebuke and reprobate a frivolous life too sternly. And here, she was so far correct, provided bitterness of spirit was not mixed up with it. She knew no halting place for a life earnest for God and man, and could scarcely allow even a thin layer of mirthfulness, to protrude a soft bedding, for the reception of heavy cares, which might otherwise crush the spirit. She would not snarl at such spurts of mirth, but she would sigh over them in silence, when not reprov'd with what some would denominate needless severity. *

* "I have always," says Addison, "preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of

All those pretty poetic touches about a laughing child being the best portrait of happiness,—an intimation from heaven that cheerfulness is not sinful,—the brightest ray in the sunshine of the heart—the bloom on a human flower enriched by the hand of care—an angel of earth, to teach man that innocence is the key to happiness, &c. ;—all such touches and imagery, it is repeated, would have been lost on Betty, and would have argued a sad lack of Christian seriousness on the parts of those who advocated a little innocent cheerfulness. “Old heads on young shoulders,” seemed to be much more in harmony with her views and feelings, than—“When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child.” A cloudy day following a bright morning was much more suggestive.

Betty would allow no scope for “Sports and Pastimes,” so that *Strut’s Book* would have been consigned to the flames. When Mr. S. was a boy in the shop, he was allowed a holiday during the time of Houghton feast and races, but without any expectation that he would attend either. He crossed the fields, however, due south ; and Betty suspecting his object and place of destination, took him next day by the collar, and gave him, what he denominated in after life, “a sound drubbing,” finishing off with—“I’ll lairn ye to gan to sic places as thaim.” One external application from Betty, whose physical energies empowered her to deal out heavy blows, was quite sufficient to effect a cure.

She had her infirmities, but it is due to her to say, that they never trenched on the morality of the gospel, the rigid claims of justice, or closed the eye, the ear, or the heart, to the yearn-

melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment ; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.”

ings of charity ; and may be classed among those which the Apostle had in view in his exhortation to the Romans :—" We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak ;" not simply to take them up, and lay them down again, but infirmities connected with *Christian* character,—infirmities, which, from their *repetition* or *continuance*, are to be borne—not barely by the persons who are the subjects of them, but by others, to whom they are known. Betty's infirmities were always connected with something good. A thistle is but an ill weed, and yet it betokens very often a rich soil. Smoke is offensive to the eye, yet it is an indication of fire. An infirmity is but an unseemly object at best, but it discovers spiritual life. The anger of Moses, when he went out from the presence of Pharaoh, shewed his zeal. The failing of Abraham, in professing Sarah to be his sister, led the way to a fuller exercise of faith. The poor woman that came behind our Lord with fear and trembling, had faith withal. And the disciples were not without a " little faith," though in great fear, when they exclaimed—" Lord save us,—carest thou not that we perish." Such were the *infirmities*—not *sins*—of Betty. They were—if the expression is not too strong—a kind of *excrescence*, growing out of, or witnessed upon, the face of some duty, but always symptomatic of life—*real spiritual life*. In speaking of stones, persons are not in the habit of saying, that they are *weak*, *frail*, or *infirm*, but *dead*. Infirmity, it is repeated, implies, in the apostolic sense, spiritual life. Sin is a voluntary evil,—a wilful breach of a positive law. An infirmity more immediately refers to matters over which we have little or no control,—“ The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.” Still, an infirmity is an evil, though not a moral evil, and ought to be watched. Though a Gibeonite, it is, notwithstanding, a Canaanite, and may betray the Christian, by opening the door and admitting the enemy. It may not extinguish the light,

but it may act the part of a "thief in the candle," and prove a source of annoyance and discomfort. It is at best, a blemish on the face of beauty; disfigures rather than destroys. A person may be defective in hearing, in seeing, in speaking, and the defect be felt as an infirmity. In the same way, one person may be more dull, less quick of apprehension, less correct in judgment, than another; but such imperfections do not destroy a man's Christianity; he may grow in grace, notwithstanding,—attain the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh," whatever it might be, neither affected his piety nor his apostleship. His dispute with Barnabas and Peter only went to shew that his views were more correct than the parties in dispute. This, again, brings us round to Betty Allen, who is about to be more prominently introduced, and whose infirmities, generally speaking, left her piety undisputed, her Christian morals untarnished. They only went to shew, that she was not yet made perfect. And after all, they were only the offences of a homely, upright, straightforward woman, against the etiquette and higher refinements of social life,—matters in which there is great difference of opinion, and therefore, the wider scope for the exercise of candour and forbearance; and more especially, as the habits and manners of persons in different countries, and even in the same country, among the different grades in society, form very often the greatest contrast. Though she, unquestionably wielded a power in her own establishment, which no one besides exercised; yet her's was not a dominion, under which no one could live, but one under which a person of correct morals and regular habits might not only live but thrive. But she would have no nonsense—nothing of flippancy,—nothing of dandyism—no Miss-Nancyism;—all substantial and open,—nothing but what would bear inspection,—nothing but what was trustworthy.

There is much more sincerity, much more warmth of feeling, in simple, unsophisticated nature, than in the polished circles. There is great truth in the remark, that the atmosphere of society is like that of the world. The higher you get above temperate, the colder the air and the fewer the flowers. Wherever we find sincerity, simplicity, and hospitality, as in the house of the Allens, there is at once a home for the feelings. The cocoa-nut is not less acceptable, because of its rude exterior. Their truth and honesty might always be implicitly relied upon. They were always consistent with themselves; and so is truth. The latter requires nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand,—sitting upon the lips, and ready, unawares, to drop into the ear; whereas, falsehood and hypocrisy are always troublesome—placing invention upon the rack, as one trick renders many more necessary to make it good. There were no tricks here; Betty, whom we have more immediately before us, was as transparent as the light.

On any of her poorer customers, in arrears of payment, sending their children for articles the price of which was above what their circumstances in life seemed to warrant, or appearing on the offside of the counter themselves, and asking for—say, a finer quality of flour, a pound or half a pound of currants, raisins, figs, &c., &c., she instantly interposed her interdiction: “Currants, raisins! No; you had more need pay your debts; you shall have no such thing here; learn to live within your means, till you can afford to have better things.” Such, after the exercise of a little patience, was the usual mode of “settlement,” till “old scores were rubbed off.” And even persons not indebted to her, on coming to purchase raiment, or any kind of food of a higher price than to her certain knowledge their position in life or circumstances would warrant, she refused to serve them. In such case, she would, if served at all, have given them “seconds,” instead of fine flour; and

so on, with other things. They continued to frequent the shop, notwithstanding; and the cart was generally laden with goods to the neighbouring places. They knew the woman, and were always certain of weight and measure, and of a good article, which partly compensated for the practice of a little self-denial, as to the identical articles required. In all those cases, which seemed not exactly to quadrate with her notions of consistency and right, a certain kind of Spartan austerity seemed to be manifested. She could never assume the amiable,—never deny any thing with a grace: her words and actions seemed to have a ring in them, like a bell—heard and answered. Honesty was to her, what it is to all—a real conservative; a staff on which the pilgrim-life rested with confidence; a life-boat which prevented the whole family from sinking into the troubled waters of poverty, and consequent distress.

Another point which she pressed upon her poorer customers, was—*ready-money*. The colliers received their wages once a fortnight. This led to a fortnight's credit, for they never thought of paying for their groceries, &c., till pay-day arrived. The owners, in this case, were beyond reach. But Betty thought the evil might be corrected in the customer. "Can you not," said she "get before-hand wi' thur two weeks, by saving a bit. By paying me ready-money, I can go to the market with it, and get the things cheaper, and then let you have them cheaper." This peel was frequently rung in the ears, but rung in vain. All was from "hand to mouth." Thrift, and a "rainy day," were out of the question, as much as a "broken limb."

What she was in the shop, she was in the social ring, as to little indulgences. Her friend, Mr. Longridge, occasionally walked to Shiney-Row when appointed to preach, being only a few miles from Hunter's Hall. In such cases, he sometimes took one of his boys with him, as company for him on his

return in the evening. On one of these occasions, a currant pudding graced the table, with other dishes. Master William, on being helped to the former, glanced his eye over the table, and finding the sugar-bason absent, asked for a little of the sweeter ingredient to indulge his palate. Betty, who, as has been said, was no respecter of persons, whether gentle or simple, and who was as averse to the superfluities of the table, as to the superfluity of "naughtiness," exclaimed, "sugar! what, sugar to pudding? We may soon see how you have been brought up. No, no: if they have spoilt you at home, you shall not be spoilt here. Sugar to pudding! You must go without; it is very good as it is." Mr. Longridge had too much good sense to confound her humble notions of extravagance, with any intentional reflection upon himself, as to the manner of bringing up his children. He smiled, while poor William sat as little enamoured with the snubbing, as with the disappointment; Mr. Longridge placing it to the account of one of her sudden expressions of surprise, on anything breaking in upon her incompatible with her notions of rigid economy and self-denial, and subversive of stereotyped rule and usage.

SECTION VIII.

MR. LONGRIDGE, with whom she thus came innocently across, in reference to his boy, had her fullest confidence, both as a man and as a christian. She deposited, some time after, a thousand pounds in his hand, on interest. A friend hearing of this, told her that she would obtain better interest by placing it in the Durham Bank. Acting on John Wesley's advice, "Get all you can, save all you can, and give all you can," she took the money to Durham, and placed it in the Bank, in hope,

that, by an advance of interest, she would be able to extend her charities. The Bank, alas, failed, like many others since, got up by a set of needy speculators, to help themselves and their friends out of the property of others, and she lost both principal and interest ; and was left to regret, with many others, the want of a law enjoining seven years apprenticeship on the tread-mill, as a punishment to the directors of such concerns.

Betty had, ere this, notwithstanding her adherence to the unadorned and the useful, advanced to the refinement of a carpet, which quickened her sensibilities with regard to cleanliness, to the use of the scraper and the foot-mat, as a certain gentleman afterwards found to his cost.

After the failure of the bank, she was walking one cold day between Shiney-Row and Newbottle, when the roads were very dirty, and where she was met by Mr. Mowbray, one of the principals of the concern, who accosted her with apparent blandness, as to health and weather. She looked at him, and said, " If it had not been for sic as ye, aw mit hev been ridin' te." The gentleman did not expect, cold as the day was, such a " snifter " from an old creditor. His bland looks forsook him, and Betty trudged on with a good conscience, leaving him to the promptings or rebukes of his own.

As a key to the fuller developement of the reason of her " savings," she remarked one day to a friend, when a little chafed with interlopers, " What does Mr. Longridge bring his lads hear for, cannot he keep them at home ? they come and eat what may be given to poor folk." This was conveyed to Mr. Longridge at second or third hand; and he made up his mind to settle the balance between Betty and himself. On occasion of one of his visits, he placed himself by her side, and said, " Mrs. Allen, I have been thinking, as I have sometimes brought one of my boys with me, for a little company, and you have been at some expense, I ought to remunerate you." So

saying he was about to place a five pound note in her hand. Betty, as though she had seen the face of a rattle-snake peeping from between the folds of the paper, shrunk back, saying, "Ay, Mr. Longridge, what are ye about? some body has been telling you some of my foolish sayings: no, no, no money for me." She burst into tears, and refused for a space to be comforted. All the benevolence of her nature rose indignant at the least approach to meanness, nor could she forgive the foolish tongue that allowed her to be betrayed into the imputation of that which was so hostile to her feelings, and so foreign to her purposes of saving, when the *poor* were her apology and her aim.

Though liberal in her way, and even bountiful to the poor, she invariably weighed every thing in her own scales, and squared matters according to her own rule, founded on her general notions of right and wrong. Each "preaching-place" as it was called, for example, was expected to provide the preacher appointed for the day with food and accommodation. Mr. Speeding, of Monkwearmouth, a respectable gentleman connected with the shipping interests, was appointed to preach at Lambton on the Sabbath forenoon. After having officiated there, he rode on to Shiney-Row, and rapping at the door, which was answered by Betty, by whom he had been so often hospitably entertained, he accosted her, "How do you do, Mrs. Allen?"

Betty. Taken on a new tack, "What do you want here?"

Speeding. "I have come to take dinner with you."

Betty. "Where have you been?"

Speeding. Knowing something of her abrupt manner, and not taking her interrogatories in a repulsive sense,—*"At Lambton."*

Betty. "Then, you may go back again."

Speeding. "But there is no dinner provided, and I have to be at Shiney-Row at noon."

Betty. "We have a preacher already, and that is plenty; and if they will not provide a dinner, let them go without preaching."

Speeding. "It is too late to-day, at least, to put the Lambton people up to hard meat, for they have got the sermon."

Betty. "Well, we cannot have you here."

Speeding. Seriously and emphatically,—“Do you mean, Mrs. Allen, to say, that you will not give me a dinner?”

Betty. With equal emphasis, but somewhat sharper, “Indeed I do.”

Matters now began to assume a more serious shape; it was likely to be dinner, or no dinner. Disposed, however, to make the best of it, and trying what effect another move would produce, he leisurely turned his horse from the door, saying, “Well, I have money in my pocket, and can go to a public house.”

This was too much for the noble, Christian spirit, of Betty. What an association of ideas was this calculated to awaken in the mind? The pulpit and the alebench! The temple of God and a public house! A preacher of the gospel, possibly, in the same room with a drunkard! A Christian man turned from the door, and placed in a position of wiping the dust from off his shoes as a testimony against her! No, no; a moment's reflection instantly rubbed off every asperity. She was humbled, distressed. The horse had carried his rider but a few paces from the door, when her voice, in other tones—earnest, loud, yet tender and entreating, was heard—“Wully, Wully, go after him,—be sharp,—bring him back directly.” O, what a repast to the soul, on seeing the horse's head turned! Her whole heart seemed to body forth the language of one in olden time, as Mr. Speeding, with his bright, ruddy, good tempered face, crossed the threshold, “Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!”

The truth is, evil could never find a lodgment in her heart against any one. The refusal of the meal did not originate in any thing mean or niggardly, but in the failure of others, to take a proper share, according to ability and privilege, in meeting the claims of hospitality, and in resenting any thing that bore the semblance of imposition,—one society imposing the burden of its expenses upon another; not forgetting, at the same time, that the hastiness of her spirit occasionally gained a momentary ascendancy over the more generous feelings of her nature. Besides, certain antecedents in connection with the Lambton society, might tend to sharpen her spirit and quicken her pulse. Mr. Speeding, however, on whom the punishment fell, was amply compensated; for the wind changing, so to speak, from east to south, he soon felt its balmy influence. There was a closer huddling together in friendly courtesy and kindly feeling. Dinner was about being served. "What will you have to drink? beer or water?" It was instantly at hand; and an abundance of the substantialities of life, without your whipped creams, or other things smoking upon the board.

The character of this excellent woman might be easily misunderstood, by persons not acquainted with her. The web of her manners was the same in every society, and in every department of life—"all of a piece." The pattern might differ slightly, but the texture was the same. Two of the sisterhood, from Sunderland, paid her a visit, who esteemed her for her sterling worth, themselves in respectable life. Their object was a social cup of tea. A rich currant cake was placed on the "girdle" for the occasion, which, in due time, was cut into squares, piled upon a plate, and set before the ladies, as their part of the entertainment. William and Charles, seated on the opposite side of the table, had a plate of bread and butter, amply furnished, placed within their reach,—a hint sufficiently intelligible to each, denoting that their range was limited. Matters

proceeding to a close, each at the post originally assigned. Betty, glancing her eye at the cake, and finding that there was a fair stock on hand, struck in, with,—“come there will be plenty for all;” an exclamation arising not from any want of courtesy or hearty good will to her lady-guests, but from untold joy of heart at the thought, that her partner and brother-in law were likely to step out of their ordinary course into the higher enjoyments of the table, from which, when alone, they conscientiously abstained, while time, on the present occasion, might have limited the baking but to one cake; issuing forth her mandate at the same time,—“Ye may take a bit now, Wully and Charles.” No sooner was the embargo taken off, than they had “all things common,” and enjoyed an agreeable meal. The good ladies, no doubt, entertained their own quiet comments, which would be mutually communicated on their return home; but whether such feminine supremacy was improved upon, in their own domestic circle, may be questioned. The materials they had to deal with, might not have attained such perfection in “passive obedience,” as the two good men under the jurisdiction of their hostess at Shiney-Row.

Betty lived, so to speak, in a world of her own. She had no tastes to gratify, either in food or raiment, or any of the varied pursuits of life, beyond the most ordinary, and those which immediately connected themselves with her social position, and her religious obligations. Though a pure child of nature, external nature had but few charms for her. She would have passed the blackbird and the thrush, trilling their lays, and would have seen them shaking the white showers of dew from the blackthorn hedge, as she would have listened to the crowing of a cock or the cackling of a hen, and would have passed the gold and purple pheasant without more than a momentary glance. The same with the graceful frolick of the arch kitten on the kitchen floor, and the wild brier roses scattered into snow

by the road-side; a *lamb*, meanwhile, would have moved her into tender feeling, because of its scriptural associations with "THE LAMB OF GOD," slain from the foundation of the world, and now appearing before the throne as a lamb newly slain.

This, in the midst of all her defects and infirmities, only confirms Christian character. Let human nature be fairly looked in the face, whatever its culture, or the want of it, and let each character of the species be portrayed; but let the portrait be taken from the life, and not from the imaginary pages of the novelist. There is the same difference between real life, and the creations of the novelist and dramatist, that there is between fact and fiction; nor less the difference between the formalist and the real Christian, than there is—to use an illustration employed by Bacon—between speculative and practical philosophy; speculative "resembling the lark, which mounts into the air with sprightly song, and circling flight, but descends with nothing," whereas, the "practical, resembles the hawk, which soars into the clouds only to return with spoil." Admitting the force of this illustration, and without lauding any of the Allens for either their soaring or their song, and least of all enquiring into the fact, whether Bacon himself, in the midst of his soarings, did not bear some resemblance to the "hawk," in his mercenary clutch of gold, it is not too much to say, that many a humble, self-denying, exemplary christian, is as worthy of a niche in the lowly cottage, as Bacon in the "Temple of Fame." And it is hoped, that Betty Allen will find a niche, at least in the Christian Church, and that she will be remembered as much for her virtues as for her peculiarities,—virtues though embedded in those peculiarities, which spring up like flowers, in a locality where least expected, and only destined to be passed, by the finically nice and fastidious. The *real* alone was accepted and cherished by Betty. The coffin of Mahomet was not more nicely balanced in air, between

earth and heaven, than she could balance between good and evil, the true and the false, the shadow and the substance; but then, her balancings were not those of a nicely regulated judgment, but of *conscience*, and improved religious feeling. Conscience to her was the apple of the eye; a star to guide her on her way; an exact notary, taking cognisance of thoughts, sayings, and doings;—a judge, deciding cases the most delicate and important.

SECTION IX.

WILLIAM ALLEN was rather below the average height;—fleshy,—round in form and face; just such a person as Charles Wesley may be conceived to have been from the portraits published of him by the Wesleyan Book-room, having the slightly aquiline nose which they present; the nose of William being more nearly allied to that of the pug family. His features were regular and plump,—his eyes inclined to grey,—while in his complexion, there was a blending of the olive, the sandy, and the pasty, without any one particularly preponderating over the other, and so leaving a superficial observer in a state of hesitancy how to decide. Though he rarely smiled, and like Betty, was generally grave, yet his gravity was less marked than her's, and bore no resemblance to that gloom which overawes and keeps a person at a distance, but one who has withdrawn his thoughts from a grave subject over which he has been pondering, and is just beginning to relax in consequence of the inward calm it has imparted. He was a man of few words,—a little heavy,—naturally of a kind, peaceable disposition,—with good common sense. His manners were extremely plain, but remote from coarseness or vulgarity; never obtrusive,—but deliberate

both in his speech and movements. And had it not been for the absence of *thee*, *thou*, and *thy*, and the presence of a large bush wig, which would have graced the head of George Whitfield, or that of the Rev. John Newton, of St. Mary, Woolnoth, he might, owing to his equally clean, neat, plain, drab costume and broad brim, have passed off for a member of the Society of Friends. His natural disposition, aided by the grace of God, presented him to the eye like an unruffled lake, surrounded by a calm moonlight scene, with a little more of the sombre than that which clear daylight will allow. On one occasion he lost his balance, or more properly, his equanimity, which disturbed him not a little; but, by penitently and imploringly applying to the proper source for strength and comfort, he regained, in some measure, what he seemed to have lost. At first, God, to his apprehension, had withdrawn himself; but on entering thus by faith into God's presence, like Esther into the presence of Ahasuerus, when no smile was seen on the countenance, and no promise, like the golden sceptre, was visible to the eye of the soul, his petition was granted, and the Sun of Righteousness again regilded the whole region of the inner man.

Hearing that a piece of ground had been left by a person who died at Old Penshar, for the purpose of building a Methodist Chapel upon in the village, William applied for it, and obtained possession. Such was his anxiety for the welfare of the people, that he not only personally superintended and aided in the erection, but went far and near to solicit subscriptions to complete the work. Though Penshar was the older preaching-place, Shiney-Row, being more central, and having now a larger society, was looked upon as a kind of head to the neighbouring places. Biddick was much older as a society than even Penshar, having been favoured with the ministry of the famous John Nelson, soon after the rebellion

of 1745, from which period, to somewhere from 1785 to 1790, the "United Society of the People called Methodists" had augmented, in connection with the Sunderland "Round," to nearly one thousand members. Ground was accordingly selected, and subscriptions solicited—William, as the male head of the domestic firm, leading the way with a subscription of £100. Having so subscribed, he could, with a better grace, solicit the benefactions of others. He posted off to Sir Harry Vane Tempest, father of the Marchioness of Londonderry, part of whose estate was connected with the plot of ground marked out. "Who," enquired Sir Harry, looking at the list when presented to him, "is this William Allen?" "It is me, Sir Harry," said the applicant: "my name is William Allen." Sir Harry returned pleasantly, after looking at his person, his clean, neat, plain attire—"Where did you get the sum of £100?" "I have more than that, Sir Harry," replied William unostentatiously. "I have got it all since I knew the Methodists, through whom I was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus." This was language, the full force of which Sir Harry was incapable of appreciating; and as he seemed to hesitate for a moment, and William was anxious to secure his name as a subscriber, he observed—knowing that it would give weight to the object, and would improve the morals of the men employed in the collieries on his estate, "I will give a hundred pounds, Sir Harry, for every hundred you will subscribe." Sir Harry was pleased with the simplicity and generosity of the good man, and kindly—though not to the extent of William's wish and daring, met the request by subscribing to the erection of the building. On William returning home from some of his begging excursions, he very often wept, while at his meals, overpowered with grateful feeling for the favour which the Supreme Being gave him in the eyes of the people, and his ready access to

their hearts, The chapel was soon reared, several persons connected themselves with the society, and over these William watched with paternal tenderness.

CHARLES was about the same height as William, but more lathy, though not, strictly speaking, thin—only, less fleshy and round;—sinewy, of good bone, and stiffly built;—of the same complexion, with the exception of a slight shade deeper;—sharper features, and more strongly lined;—grave and sleek, with dark, lank hair;—not quite so erect in his gait as his brother;—with good sense, but slow in speech, and as guileless as a child;—costume similar to that of his brother in cut and colour, but occasionally olive;—stealing along with a slow, steady, soft pace, while the step of William was shorter and more firmly set; to these characteristics may be added, perfect submission to Betty.

One example may be given. It was harvest time, and there was but little to do in the shop, in consequence of which Charles draped himself in his better week-day clothes. Betty, who was rarely without a job herself, saw him standing unemployed, and told him to go into the harvest-field to glean, as it would not soil his clothes, while the corn might be turned to use in feeding the poultry, or as a “bait” for the horse. She quickly packed up his dinner, and requiring no other implements beside his hands, away he went, without a feeling of pride, to his new occupation, and joined the gleaners in the field, who were not a little surprised to see him in his “second best,” and still more to share their pittance; the latter being a point which had occurred to neither himself nor to his benevolent, yet thrifty sister-in-law, whom he had left at home. On his return, instead of having occasion to shout “Harvest Home,” he had to confess, like Naomi, that he returned “empty.”

Betty. “Where are the *singels*?” [handfuls of corn.]

Charles. "I have none."

Betty. "What have you been doing?"

Charles. "Picking up the heads of corn, with the bairns."

Betty. "What have you done with them?"

Charles. "I gave them to the bairns."

Betty. "You are a bonny gatherer."

Charles. Placidly, and rubbing his hands,—“Let me have something to eat.”

Betty. "You cannot be hungry yet, as I gave you your dinner away with you."

Charles. "I divided it among the poor bairns, poor things."

Betty. "You might as well have stopt in the house as gone into the fields to wear away your shoes. And neither singels nor dinner!"

To tarry at home Charles had no objection, though he felt amply repaid in the pleasure he imparted in making the poor children happy, some of whom had but little to eat of their own. Here his harvest labour commenced and terminated; and though thoughtlessly erring in mind, from a want of reflection, in going to partake of the pittances of the poor, he was led right by his feelings, in freely giving to them both his food and his gleanings. When the heart is kept right, the poor head will soon be reclaimed from its wanderings.

His simple, unsophisticated character, receives some illustration from the following incident. Like Betty, he would allow nothing to pass current in religion, so far as his knowledge extended, but pure gold. The chapel at Penshar was too small, on one occasion, to accommodate the members of Society collected from the neighbouring villages to a lovefeast, in consequence of which, the service was held in an adjoining field, well hedged round. Charles, as an official, sustained the post of gate-keeper. On persons presenting themselves without ticket or note of admission—as was natural, it being an open air ser-

vice—they were immediately stopped, and tested, as were the Ephraimites by the Gibeonites, who, from disuse, were unable to pronounce the Hebrew *shin*—saying, Sibboleth instead of Shibboleth, and were not only prevented from crossing the Jordan, but slain. Charles slew none, nor would he, if permitted; he was too meek and gentle of spirit for that. His straightforward interrogatory was, when no token appeared—"Are you converted?" Unable, or unwilling, to pronounce "Yes," as required on the occasion, the Jordan, so to speak, was not allowed to be forded. Such Shibboleth was a test too stringent for a "doubting believer," or "sincere seeker of salvation." But so it was; Charles was a Methodist, and rigidly adhered to the technicalities of the body, if not some of its more lenient or accommodating requirements; and though any one, merely *feeling* after divine things, was allowed to pass, on the exhibition of a note or ticket, no such privilege was granted to the poor un-Shibbolethed Ephraimite, who might be as good a Wesleyan Gibeonite as many within the fence. This, if not "fencing the table" of bread and wine, in Scotch style, was fencing the table of bread and water, and allowed less latitude than our Lord gave to the promiscuous multitude, who sat down on the grass, and partook of his bounty. A lower standard, however, than *conversion*, was not admissible, when gauged by the conscientious scruples of Charles. He held the field as "holy ground," while the Israel of God were present. Yet in his maintenance of the field, he used no violence in either spirit or expression. He was more like the snow-drop than the thorn; an emblem of meekness bending before the storms of life, rather than goading the offender who should dare to approach too near. Previously to a class being established at Shiney Row, Charles met a large class at Old Penshar, which was the rallying point for the neighbouring places for church-fellowship. At that time, he had in his class persons from Coxgreen,

Biddick, Bowes Houses, New Penshar, Shiney-Row, Philadelphia, Wapping, Newbottle, &c. Over these members he watched,—visiting them at their respective houses. In addition to his regular visits, which required the aid—especially in winter and wet weather—of “*Charley*,” his favourite ass, he paid particular attention to the sick and other absentees. “*Charley*” was as well acquainted with the houses of the members as his master, and went as direct to the door of each, as a “miller’s horse.” He had an interest in it. He was a favourite with the children, who patted him, while slipping a piece of bread into his mouth. His master, too, was a favourite with the children. Two pear-trees stood in the garden at Shiney-Row; and from these he helped himself with fruit, for the youngsters. Old men talked of their boyhood and Charles’s pears in 1853.

One sad inconvenience was felt in this large class by the sisterhood, when they met from different places. Their hearts were filled with love; and the love passed from the heart to the lips, in tender salutes on parting. Ridgidly acting on the advice of Mr. Wesley, they adhered to the Quaker, or “scuttle bonnet,” whose front projected considerably beyond the face, as if intended to prevent any thing like endearing approximation. Two of these coming together, placed the faces of the good sisters at such a distance, as to render a salute next to impossible, without either turning up the bonnet or untying the strings. The bonnets of 1857-8—placed on the back of the head, would have rendered the ceremony much less troublesome. However, it was one of *John’s* minor advices, and the inconvenience was supported.

WILLIAM ALLEN, Jun., the nephew, was a boy at this time; and CHARLES, another nephew, was also young. Both were dependent upon the uncles and aunt. William was with them up to manhood, and succeeded them in the business. Charles

was less stable, though ultimately, he became steady, and adorned the Christian profession. William married, and his children succeeded to the greater part of the property. Like his uncle William, he was delicately constituted, only tall and slender, and partook of his uncle's gentle, benevolent spirit.

We have here a family group; each possessed of a certain amount of religious knowledge. How was it acquired? One could neither read nor write, two but little more, and the two younger had a merely ordinary education at a common day-school: and none of them, strictly speaking, were readers. The world of letters might be considered next to a blank to them. The fact is, the *belief* of the masses is derived, not from *enquiry* but from *instruction*, and that chiefly of an *oral* character. Hence the necessity of sound doctrinal, experimental, and practical, theological guides. The preacher, under God, moulds his hearers. "Like priest, like people," will generally hold good, so far as doctrine and experience are concerned. If a man deals in the dogmas of Calvin, he will have a calvinistic audience; the same in reference to the dogmas of Arminius. Let a man inculcate a dry morality, and little more than a dry morality will be exhibited by his hearers. But let a man, on the other hand, like the old puritans, a Wesley, a Whitfield, a Romaine, a Venn, a Newton, a Grimshaw, a Cecil, a Parsons, a J. A. James, and a host of other experimentalists, proclaim the *heart-felt* verities of the religion of Christ, and experimental truths will be insinuated into the souls of those that sit under their ministry, and exhibited in the rectitude of their outward deportment. An awful responsibility rests on the man that ascends the pulpit. Through his teachings, souls may be lost or saved. "*As we preached, so ye believed*," comprises an apostolic truth, which ought to lie with next to oppressive weight on every minister's spirit. "*As we preached, so ye believed*;" as was the *one*, so was the *other*. This at once

enters a caveat against the introduction of *unconverted* men into the Christian pulpit.

Such persons are unauthorized. Shew the Divine authority, which any potentate, any state, has to introduce men of whom there is no proof that a Divine change has ever passed upon the heart, into the highest offices of the Christian church;—the authority a father has to educate an unconverted son for the Christian ministry;—the authority a person of influence has to confer a living on a person of whom there is no evidence of anything beyond a decent morality, if even that;—the authority which the highest ecclesiastical dignitary has to lay his hand on the head of an unsanctified man, to ordain him for the priest's office? “Apostolical Succession!” Away with it, as a mere “House of Refuge for the Destitute:” men, destitute of every other call and divine qualification take *refuge* in this. Of men who themselves are unchanged,—who have not the spirit of Christ—who never “put off the old man and put on the new,” God himself asks,—“What hast thou to do, to declare my statutes, and to take my covenant into thy mouth, seeing that thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee?” It is not sufficient to state, that they sustain the Christian name, and hold Christian office; for that only enhances their guilt, in assuming a name to which they have no real claim, and in holding an office for which they are unqualified.

It is repeated—unqualified. For, if the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch together. What—assuming the absence of a divine change—would be thought of the man who should go into the street, and lay hold of the first person he came in contact with, totally ignorant of the human frame and of the healing art,—requesting the same to accompany him to the chamber of the sick, to prescribe in one of the most delicate cases, and to perform one of the most difficult surgical operations? You may, with equal propriety, request a block

of wood to perform the functions of animal life; as well dive into perdition, bring an unclean spirit up from thence, and endow it with credentials to go and reclaim others equally foul with itself. Where is the *disposition*, where the *qualification*, to support the commission? And are there no cases on record, of men who have entered the priest's office for a "piece of bread," and who, after having been half a century over the same people, and reaping a harvest of thousands of gold and silver, have been unable to present a single conversion to God, or even a reformation, as the fruit of their ministry? And are the God-fearing, enlightened portion of the Christian public, to pay court to established usages at the expense of public instruction, public morals, and the interests of evangelical religion!—to walk along the lane of life, and witness such things, without bearing a public testimony against them!—or, by their connivance, palliations, and hollow professions of respect, to perpetuate the ignorance and moral wretchedness of whole districts for successive generations! Heaven forbid! Let the trumpet give a certain sound. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people! Save them from wolves in sheep's clothing.

SECTION X.

It is worth while enquiring into the character and qualifications of the teachers of the Allens, as they were chiefly indebted for the knowledge they had to *oral* instruction. Some of their instructors have already been referred to; but without levying further contributions on the past, a passing glance may

be bestowed on their pulpit instructors from 1800 to 1810, which may be considered as embracing the present portion of their history—numbering, in all, twenty-six regular itinerant preachers, exclusive of scores of local preachers, under whose ministry the family, together with thousands more, regularly sat; furnishing a large amount of varied matter, in the absence of books, and a taste for reading—the latter being chiefly confined to the Bible and Hymn Book, which is too much the case with the lower orders, who nevertheless, by close attention to the means of grace, acquire a creditable amount of Christian experience, in consequence of their teachers being professedly spiritually-minded men.

Take them in the order in which they appeared on the ground.

ROBERT JOHNSON: a man of choice spirit, and exceedingly happy in his selection and exposition of Scripture narratives and facts, treating them lucidly and familiarly, and often with great tenderness. In the pulpit, he was like a father in his family, each hearer receiving from his lips lessons of wisdom, and looking up to him with the filial affection and respect of a child. His addresses were full of happy touches, and homely sympathies, wide of the washy and elaborate pulpit contributions of some of his more highly gifted, but less experienced brethren.

JAMES BOGIE: pretty much the same, as to matter, manner, and uniformity of character, as when William Allen first received divine light under his ministry. He had a clear, ringing voice, distinct utterance, furnished a good outline, with respectable fillings; but all was hard and chiseled, without decoration,—no softened glow, or colouring,—with occasional outbursts of vehemence rather than passion; instructive rather than impressive.

JOHN KING: in piety, a Christian; in intellect, a "weak brother."

THOMAS WARRICK: strong minded, and well skilled in the points of difference comprised in the Calvinian and Arminian controversy;—had a son, Dr. Warrick, who acquired considerable celebrity as a practical chemist, and also in the medical profession. Well does the writer remember the occasion of bending with deep feeling, over the old father, stretched on his last couch, just before he entered upon his permanent repose in paradise.

ROBERT DALL: a little, unostentatious Scotsman, good rather than great; but a man, who, with the thrift peculiar to the northerns, used his one talent to the best advantage, putting it out to usury in Methodism.

JOHN ASHALL: good sense, an ailing man, but not properly understood by his brethren, which might be the fault of both.

WILLIAM WARRENER: had been a missionary in the West Indies; plain, homely, conversational; though desirous to do good, yet without earnestness, the fault being chargeable on his natural temperament.

JOHN BRAITHWAITE: possessed of a fine ingenuous spirit. Had been in Scotland. Was stationed afterwards in Carlisle which circuit was visited by William Edward Miller, in the hey-day of his zeal and usefulness, who prayed that God would “shake the powder out of Braithwaite’s head, and the Scotch formality out of his heart;” a petition followed by the hearty response of the latter, who caught the divine flame, and had his lips touched with a live coal from off the altar of God. He afterwards received an appointment to the Sunderland circuit, where he was extensively useful in the conversion of sinners. A pleasing preacher, of whom a common-place memoir was published. What was deficient in intellectual weight, was made up by kindly warmth and affection. In this respect, he resembled the sun, and was an example to all around;—always smiling, even upon the face of

an angry cloud. His appearance in the pulpit was like hope springing up in the heart, whispering to the hearers better days to come. As a son of consolation, he opened the window of the ark, and let out the silver-plumaged dove, to ascertain how far the waters had abated, and the certain return of beauty and happiness. He might be classed with those men, who extract the sweets from the comforts they have, before they complain of the want of others.

THOMAS WILTON: ordinary.

WILLIAM SAUNDERSON: another good man, but possessed of more weight.

JOHN FARRAR: bold, fearless;—great readiness of expression, and quickness of perception;—an admirable textuist, though occasionally ringing changes with his quotations;—a useful and respectable preacher, but would have been still more so, if he had placed a curb on a fondness for coarsisms;—a noble, full voice,—freedom of action—and a brow-beating honesty in his attacks on vice. Two excellent sons preachers.

MILES MARTINDALE: ponderous, physically and mentally. Cultivated an acquaintance with the languages, and was well read in French, having translated a poem by the sainted Fletcher, of Madely, but which, alas, took neither in the original nor translation, lacking, as a religious poem, the touch and genius of the verse of a Cowper. The translator was not without genius, though less than his author; but it was not highly poetic, being more adapted to prose than verse, and even then would only have taken the reader captive by being more orderly and full dressed. He composed a poem on the "Deluge," in common heroic, which never left its manuscript shell—a happy circumstance for its author—being heavy and lumberly. He never did any thing exquisitely, but was entitled to the credit, at the same time, awarded to another, of telling conceited people, that they knew nothing, and bringing

them to the conviction, that, at all events, they knew little, and that the little they did know, was of so small value that they might be really reckoned to know nothing. In this way, he was biting and sarcastic; and though heavy as a preacher, was always interesting to persons in love with solid sense; shewing shrewd touches, and here and there those deep and piercing thoughts which come intuitively to persons of genius, combined with judgment and patience, though not remarkable for exquisite taste or finish. He now and then portrayed the miser, the worldling, the coxcomb, and such like characters with keen observation, though without photographic minuteness or grinning garrulity—never failing to render the passion itself odious, and the person any thing but respectable. He had a fine pencil for the delineation of fools. He published a "Dictionary of the Bible," 2 vols. 8vo., full of useful matter.

MARSHALL CLAXTON: complacent, "free and easy," but no grasp. Left a son possessed of merit as an artist, who painted the death-bed scene of John Wesley, &c.

JOSEPH COOKE: a fine mind;—good taste;—an inimitable preacher;—voice, matter, manner, well managed and full of finish;—close, pointed, convincing;—rich in illustration;—good pulpit style. Might be inferred to be one of the preachers, who are anxiously solicitous to deal out the sincere milk of the word, by which their congregations may grow, and to feed themselves as the cows feed; storing their respective faculties, as some would say, with the finest grass of the theological field, avoiding the bitter or deleterious heaths, and especially the gaudy buttercups, and thus, in calm repose, chew the cud, assimilating to their own intellectual system what their judicious diligence had gathered, and so providing an unfailing series of rich repasts for those who wait upon their productive supplies. To shift the allusion to something more dignified, though still to follow nature, and by way of glancing at another

phase of his ministerial character,—as the sun in the firmament paints the heavens, revives the earth, and burnishes the ocean, so, Joseph, as a ministerial artist, could colour, could quicken, could touch with gold. Though tall and slimly built, he had a plain, though not coarse—deep-browed face; the countenance, in short, of a hard-thinking, hard-working man. Went Methodistically astray on Justification by Faith and the Witness of the Spirit; was combated by the acute Edward Hare, who conducted his side of the question with great ability. Cooke, when a young man, entered into Christian liberty amid the ruins of Dudley Castle, while engaged in social prayer with John Saunders Pipe, amid the noise of screech-owls, at the moment the moon was throwing its shadows around them. A fine picture! Pipe became a useful preacher. Cooke finished his course at Rochdale, it is to be feared, in Unitarianism.

WILLIAM GILPIN: eloquent, rapid, and flowing, but rather wordy and somewhat snappish. Like a saline draught, prescribed by Nature, to neutralize the heart-burn between parties, for he could mediate and soothe. Prayed with his eyes open: an irreverent practice in the pulpit!

Pursuing this list for the purpose of showing, not only the class of men who ministered to the Allens in the pulpit, and the kind of teaching they were likely to receive, but the persons with whom they associated by the fire-side, each of the men domiciling with them in rotation on their visits to the village, when partaking of their hospitality; the family picking up crumbs of knowledge as they dropped from their lips at the social board, and in the course of domestic worship, when prayer was offered, and a portion of Scripture was read. The men constituted a kind of living library, which, generally speaking, supplied the place of other books than the Bible; and it is amazing the stock of knowledge that is acquired in this way, when the fine spirit of truth, independent

of its direct transmission from books, goes forth in the family circle, and the relish with which it is received by persons who have but little time to spare for thumbing the pages of an author. But to proceed.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL: among the preachers what Paul was among the apostles,—“in labours more abundant,” and with an ardour that burned as if a seraph had lit its fires in his soul. He was the only man, strictly speaking, that preserved Betty in awe. His keen insight into human nature, his commanding authority, his overwhelming power in prayer, his communion with God, his pulpit ministrations, his closet duties, his pastoral habits, his religious converse, his zeal, his restless anxiety for the salvation of sinners,—all tended to prostrate her spirit, and very often hold her mute in his presence,—looking upon him with eyes glazed with tears, as upon an angel of God. The whole district appeared to be set in motion by his ministry, and several hundreds of persons were added to the Methodist Societies in consequence. There are specks in every created human being,—specks arising out of the very convictions of hope, the sincerity of passion, the steadiness of reason, which cannot be moved, so that his very virtues might, in the eyes of some—such was their strength and unwonted appearance—amount almost to blemishes, and in the persons of imitators—of whom there were an abundance—became real faults; but neither friend nor foe ever disclosed a speck on the sincerity, the purity, the motives, the character of William Bramwell. He seemed to combine in his powerful and varied character, approaches to the loftiness, vehemence, and pathos of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah,—the didactic gravity of the Jewish legislator,—the strong sense and colouring of James,—the melting tenderness of John,—the noble generosity of Peter,—and the fervid zeal of the Apostle of the Gentiles. There was,

now and then, an approach to wit—that arrow from the quiver of genius—but it never amounted to indulgence. There were indications, however, sufficient to show that it was there, but placed under sentinel. To him, it was a mere intellectual bubble, delighting the minds of the frivolous by its prismatic colours; and on assuming the character of the lighting of the mind, it even then, though beautiful, only tends to dazzle. He had an eye that seemed to pierce and search the souls of those upon whom it was fixed; and there was no escape from its influence, but by either turning away, or closing your own.* His voice, in preaching, was like a well-tuned instrument, and had the effect of a trio of good voices in singing, combining the counter, tenor, and rolling bass—distinguished for extraordinary tenderness, flexibility, and power, and varying as the subject and occasion seemed to demand. His matter was no less rich and varied—always instructive and impressive—and moving his

* Emerson, in speaking of the language of the eye, observes, that “the eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your arguments hit him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shews he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. There are eyes to be sure that give no more admission into the man than blue-berries. Others are liquid and deep—wells that a man might fall into. Others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadways, and the security of millions to protect individuals against them. The military eye is the city of Lacedæmon, a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes; and eyes full of fate—some of good, and some of sinister omen. The alledged power to charm down insanity, or the ferocity of beasts, is a power behind the eye. The reason why men do not obey us, is because they see the mind at the bottom.”

auditories, like the wind passing over a forest, waving to and fro,—every trunk, arm, twig, and leaf. Wherever he officiated, the chapels were crowded. He stood alone in his peculiar character. The ordeal through which he passed at the commencement of his religious course, was one of a fiery character; and this assisted him not a little in addressing himself to the experience of others. So true it is, that every state is set in the midst of danger, as tall trees are set in the wind, the tallest enduring the severest storm.

JOHN C. LEPPINGTON: very different, when placed by the side of Bramwell;—an excellent preacher, though stern and severe;—like a coach driver, he never lost the use of the whip;—always in hot water, stickling for the letter of the law and losing sight of its spirit, when the two were intended to go hand in hand. His freaks were various. Owing Betty Allen a grudge, on the score of cleanliness, he paid her off by taking his horse into the kitchen—turning it round—and leading it out again. This was enough to raise the choler of Betty as high as his own; but she bore it, though not without a sharp rebuke, and allowed him the usual hospitality of the house. The kitchen afforded shelter for the horse in earlier times: but things were changed, and John, who had left the coach-box for the pulpit, ought to have recollected, that the family had risen with himself, and were entitled to respect, apart from what was due to them for “entertainment for man and horse.” He was like the ocean, a fair type of the human mind, when calm, magnificent in its activity, but fearful in its fury; ever and anon, to change the allusion, throwing off, in the midst of a vast amount of solid, useful matter, those mental chips and shavings, which flash and flame, but afford no permanent light or heat.

THOMAS VASEY, 2nd: full of holy fervour, acceptable as a preacher, and a good “domestic chaplain.”

Dr. HENRY TAFT: ardent—useful—occasionally hampered, when memory broke down with the weight of manuscript preparations—but otherwise full, free, and effective. Well skilled in the medical profession, and one who dealt out his gratuitous advice to the poor with kindness, courtesy, and freedom.

JOHN HICKLING: now (1858) between 90 and 100 years of age, and still “going about doing good;” one, as Dr. Clarke was wont pleasantly to say, “who belonged to the old dispensation, before *stops* were invented,” alluding to the Hebrew points,—pouring forth one monotonous stream from one end to the other of his sermons, as though they embraced an interminable period. Simple, sincere; a Nathaniel “without guile.” “Aye,” said John Moore, a man as simple as himself was guileless,—“You have done well in securing the appointment of Mr. Storrey. When the preachers go to Conference, they never get a better man than themselves appointed: but you have acted differently, and secured a good preacher.” John, the leader, did not perceive, in addressing John the preacher, that what he gave with the one hand, he took away with the other, in placing Mr. Hickling beneath his man by the compliment.

THOMAS GARBUTT: feeble, but sincere.

JOHN SLACK: of the puritanic school;—rather slow and lingering; clear;—full of condensed, pithy, pointed, racy, telling, and often quaint matter, which amply atoned for any want of effervescence or animal fire.

WILLIAM NAYLOR: an imitator of William Atherton, but with scarcely a tithe of either his fire, force, or intelligence.

JONATHAN BROWN: acceptable.

JOHN STORREY: trained among the Independents, and employed some time in their ministry. A solid, warm-hearted, tender, devout, instructive preacher;—unusually popular, and extensively useful;—a generous, catholic spirited man,

with a strong spice of puritanic lore in his ministrations. Wherever he went, the Christian and the Pastor were found,—never forgetting, in social intercourse with the people, either his Master or the pulpit he had left. Delivery graceful,—voice soft, full, and mellow,—truly dignified and apostolic in his appearance. A man, of whom Paul would have been as fond as of Timothy.

The great difference between writing and speaking has been subject of remark, and in no community, perhaps, for its magnitude and success, more perceptible than among the Wesleyans. "The difference," it is observed, "between the two, makes all the difference between producing good material and bad." A great many minds can turn off a fair manufacture at the rate of writing, which, when overdriven to keep pace with speaking, will bring forth very poor stuff indeed. And besides this, not many persons can grasp a large subject in all its extent and bearing, and get their thoughts upon it marshalled and sorted, unless they have two or three days, at least, for the work. At first, all is confusion and indefiniteness, but gradually things settle into order. Hardly any mind, by any effort, can get them into order quickly. If at all, it is by a tremendous exertion; whereas the mind has a curious power, without any perceptible effort, of arranging in order thoughts upon any subject, if you give it time. In Methodism there are many good speakers, but comparatively few good writers; and it is to speaking mostly that the people are indebted for the religious knowledge they possess; and the more pains-taking portion of the preachers, very often deliver instructive discourses. Though few of the preachers, except Mr. Hickling and a few others, were contemporary with Mr. Wesley, they still, in many instances, bore the yoke of his disciplinary measures. He prescribed the minutest rules of life for them, which were handed down from one generation to another, even such as concerned

their physical habits. He found that some became "nervous," more probably by too much work than too little, though he—measuring others by his own standard of toil—thought otherwise. He gave them advice on the subject. "Touch no drink, tobacco, or snuff. Eat very light, if any supper. Breakfast on nettle or orange-peel tea. Lie down before ten; rise before five. Every day use as much exercise as you can bear; or murder yourself by inches." "These rules," he adds, "are as necessary for the people as the preachers." He allowed his itinerants, however, to drink a glass of ale at night after preaching. He interrogated them closely in his printed Minutes about their habits. "Do you," he asked "deny yourselves every useless pleasure of sense, imagination, honour? Are you temperate in all things? To take one for instance; in food—Do you use only that kind and that degree which is best both for the body and the soul? Do you see the necessity of this? Do you eat no flesh suppers? no late suppers? These naturally tend to destroy bodily health. Do you eat three meals a day? If four, are you not an excellent pattern to the flock? Do you take no more food than is necessary at every meal? You may know, if you do, by a load at your stomach; by drowsiness or heaviness; and, in a while, by weak or bad nerves. Do you use only that kind and that degree of drink which is best both for your body and soul? Do you drink water? Why not? Did you ever? Why did you leave it off, if not for health? When will you begin again? To-day? How often do you drink wine or ale? Every day? Do you want to waste it?"

An experimental and practical ministry, exercised by men with the self-denying habits exemplified and enforced by Wesley, could not otherwise than powerfully impress the minds of the people; and he saw that there was a "needs be" for exhortation and caution. The preachers, when on the

"round," as it was called, from their own homes, were generally entertained by the most respectable friends, who, like Betty Allen, not only furnished the table with the "*fadge*," "leg of lamb and green peas," but the finest of the wheat, and other tempting condiments, under the impression that they could not do too much, for the "labourer worthy of his hire," whose appetite was whetted by long rides, which rendered him but little averse to a hearty welcome, a rosie fire and cheerful meal. These were days of primitive simplicity, hard toil and hospitality. The moderns would not be less qualified for the discharge of their Apostolic functions if put upon the observance of the same rules, and required to attend to the same habits, at the particularity of {which some persons are disposed to laugh,—perchance to censure. But John Wesley set the example.

This particularity would have been avoided by the writer, had it not been for the sake of showing to whom the comparatively non-reading masses are indebted for the knowledge of divine things they possess. Preachers and class-leaders are mighty agents in Methodism; the pulpit shedding its light,—prayer and class-meetings kindling their incessant fires! Flocks, to change the metaphor, so "fed with knowledge and understanding," have no occasion to complain of "*leanness*." The unreading Allens—excepting in the Bible and Hymn-Book, as previously noticed—drew their knowledge from these sources. Betty, with all her peculiarities, venerated the old preachers, who had taught her by the hearth-stone; and always reverted, with grateful feeling, to the decisive change she experienced in her views and feelings in early life; never losing a sense of the Divine Presence—always hating sin—cherishing a love to the ordinances of the gospel,—and labouring to serve her day and generation with fidelity, reverence, and charity,—and was generally saved from inward disputings, doubts, and fears.

The Bible, without note or comment, was the chief book, with those of the family that could read. Coke's Commentary was possessed, but rarely read, and rather preserved for the use of others than the family. Mr. Reay,* of Carville, near Newcastle, being in the neighbourhood of Shiney-Row, valuing the estate of Sir Henry Vane Tempest's daughter, who was a waid in chancery, previously to her marriage with the Marquis of Londonderry, domiciled, as an old friend, in the house of the Allens during his stay in the neighbourhood. Mr. Bramwell also spent a few days at the house, at the same time. That they might be instructed during their leisure moments, Betty took up a heavy parcel which lay neatly folded on the table; and taking off the upper cover, a second appeared, of fine flannel, fold upon fold, when Dr. Coke's Commentary turned out,—a disclosure, made only on special occasions, and for the privileged few. Even this, though ignorant of letters, shewed her deep reverence for sacred things,—a reverence, by the way, had she known it, which would have prevented her from employing, which is too often the case, a single leaf as waste paper for the use of the shop. "Read that," said she to her guests, "and you will get some good out of it." There were no waste moments with Betty, and she was equally anxious that those around her should "redeem the time." She was conferring upon them, in producing the work, what in her esteem was a blessing, in connection with their ability to read. And that blessing to her guests was like the orb of day,

* This gentleman stated in conversation with a friend, in support of Mr. FOSTER's remark, noticed in the INTRODUCTORY portion of this Work, on the elevation of the humbler classes to respectability through the influence of religion, while the irreligious were kept underground,—that he could name *one hundred* men at least, in his time, who had risen to eminence, and some few of them even to be Coal Owners, from Trappers or Door-keepers, Rolley Drivers, Putters or Barrowmen, Coal Hewers, Deputies, Wastemen, Overmen, and Under-viewers. So much for GATHERINGS FROM THE PIT-HEAPS.

the ring that encircles the intellectual world—a minister that daily preaches of a resurrection—a warm friend returning from a far country, laden with the richest spoils.

The two friends slept in the same room. Mr. Reay was surprised to see Mr. Bramwell, before retiring to rest, busily engaged in placing a table and chairs against the chamber door, as if barricading it against the approach of an enemy. This was occasioned by Betty's anxiety to promote his comfort, having given orders to the girl to light the fire early in the morning. There being no lock on the chamber door, and the reverend gentleman being an early riser, the girl—having ready access, and desirous of having the start of him—was apt to disturb him in the midst of his devotions. This was an effectual check; for though he had requested the servant not to light the fire so early, Betty considered the prohibition as arising merely from a fear of giving trouble to the family. If she herself could have read, Dr. Coke would not have lain, like a child in its cradle, so quietly wrapped up in flannel; nor would she, if parsimonious of coal, or indifferent to the comfort of her guests, have thought of indulging them with a fire. Early risers, like Mr. Bramwell, love especially to gaze upon the morning sun, which, like a free exhibition, is open only for early risers, and which, like Nature's time-piece, warns the world to be up and doing;—the leader, in short, of a great orchestra, at whose bidding all nature unites in one harmonious song.

Mr. Bramwell, was one of the most successful preachers in Methodism, in the conversion of sinners, and in pushing believers on to higher attainments in the divine life. A preacher of tact and talent, solicitous of general usefulness, will always aim at the masses, though he may vary his preaching; trying every now and then to be simple, that a child may understand him, and then—as his congregation may embrace

persons of intelligence and reading, varying his subjects, by taking a higher class, and adopting a more elevated, but still lucid style. Education, in the early history of the Allens, had not sharpened the wit of children, as in the present day; though still, at that period, as well as in more modern times, the most successful preachers were those who rendered themselves intelligible to all, while guarding against offending the more educated;—adopting a style somewhat similar to that employed by the writers of the publications of the “Religious Tract Society”—meeting the case of the untutored, as well as the more special *protégés* of a higher class;—a style, in short, like that of some of our newspapers, which is understood and relished by the working-classes, whether in town or country, as well as by the higher grades in society. It is the most difficult thing in the world for a minister whose language is eminently conversational to preach as he talks; and yet, the conversational is generally the best for extensive usefulness;—a clear, natural style,—good, plain, forcible Saxon English. “What is your opinion of your two sons, as preachers?” enquired a friend of Mr. Clayton, an old dissenting minister. “Well,” he replied quaintly, but pleasantly, “George has a better show in his shop window than John; but John has a larger stock in his warehouse.”

John Wesley spoke the language of the people, stating that he gave utterance to *plain truths for plain men*. He could have soared higher, but conscience and general usefulness imposed their interdict. The early Methodist preachers imitated his example,—many of them from choice, others from necessity. The latter had nothing higher, and coming out from among the people, instead of the schools, they spoke to them of the wonderful works of God in their “*own tongue*.” The people understood them, and, being spiritually-minded men, they found access to the hearts, as well as to the ears, of their hearers.

The most successful preachers of the present day are those who cling to the old truths of the old Puritan divines, and who express them, with some modifications of course, like Jay of Bath, whose sermons were often richly imbued with their spirit and thought,—given with all the warmth of personal conviction, instead of the chilliness and apathy of hereditary opinions.

SECTION XI.

It is not going too far, to affirm, that the public wants and interests are such as to require—not the events and circumstances of puritanic times, but the *men*;—such men, whether Puritan, Non-conformist, or other, as Baxter, Serle, Bunyan, Flavel, Howe, Owen, T. Watson, T. Adams, W. Bridge, Henry Smith, Love, Swinnocke, Ward, Gouge, Trapp, Bolton, Boston, Manton, Preston, Brighton, Greenham, Leighton, Henry, and a host of others of their day, whose works have been handed down to us by the Head of the Church. Mr. Spurgeon, with all his blemishes, but whose excellences far outweigh them, furnishes an example, from the vast concourse of people that attend his ministry, of what is wanted, and what the public are ready to meet. It is not a “Negative Theology,” that will either satisfy the mind or save the soul. The theology that withholds the essential Deity of the Son, because some one might say there are two Gods,—that shirks the Atonement, because a second might state that he cannot see what need there is for the just to die for the unjust,—that throws a veil over future punishment, because a third is pleased to affirm that God will do no such thing,—and that shrinks from a fearless affirmation of the leading doctrines of Christianity, because

a fourth prefers the charge of dogmatism;—such a theology is not of God. As to dogmatism, every statement of Divine truth, as enforced in Scripture—is dogmatic; is the statement of a positive dogma; or, in other words, a clear, unhesitating affirmation of doctrine, supported by the authority of the Supreme Being. And does not “Thus saith the Lord,” render it imperative? The refined sceptic, ever doubting, and never coming to a knowledge of the truth, may turn askance, if not shudder at the dogmatism, but the people at large are only affected by the teaching that comes with “authority.” It was such teaching that killed and made alive—that first humbled and then exalted the Allens—exalted them while clothed with the lovely garb of humility. It is the truth, which is common to all, that must be preached; and Christian ministers, on this ground, ought to consider their hearers cosmopolitan.

As the humble training of the Allens had no connection with the niceties and courtesies of social life, neither had their pulpit instructions. The great realities of justice, mercy, and truth were insisted upon, and pervaded the whole. Minor matters were left to shape themselves according to circumstances, and to admit of such grafts as example might present, and as were suited to the parent stock. And it will generally be found, according to Creech, that as the osier is first formed and takes the bough, it will retain its general shape, and take the same direction. This Christian family never contented themselves with a bubble that might burst, with fire-works that end in smoke, with fashions as flimsy as tissue paper, with a sleek or smirking address, which is too often employed as a cover to conceal the hypocrisy of the heart. Improvement in circumstances made no change, unless in adding to the substantiality of Christian character. What they possessed, they acquired honestly and honourably; once secured, it was

worth keeping; and being at hand, was always ready for use.

When the two brothers first descended into the bowels of the earth, collieries on the Wear were comparatively few in number, and in few hands. New openings were witnessed—population thickened—and business increased. The liberality of the family kept pace with temporal prosperity. There were few chapels around Shiney-Row which were not cheerfully supported by their subscriptions, and no funds in Methodism to which they did not annually contribute,—even extending their benefactions to other religious denominations than their own. To the widowed mother and fatherless child—and these abounded in the neighbourhood, through pit accidents—they paid special attention, by supplying their wants. They established a Sabbath-school, subscribing to it five pounds annually, the two brothers giving their personal attendance from its establishment to the close of life, acting either as superintendants or teachers, except when prevented through indisposition; manifesting the most tender care over the children—encouraging the buddings of first impressions, and paying more than special attention to such as conducted themselves with propriety. When William was confined to the house through occasional indisposition, he would request the window curtains to be withdrawn, that he might enjoy the sight of the children as they streamed past the front of the house, his heart going out after them in tenderness and prayer. Though he had no children of his own, he was anxious to win those of others over to truth. It is the right end of life to begin with: “Youth and white paper,” says the proverb, “take any impression.”

These are the persons who are destined by Providence to bless the world. Such was the impiety of Sir Godfrey Kneller, as to lead him to say that he could have made a much better world than the present. The bare expression, as he has not

entered into particulars, is left for conjecture alone to supply the meaning. Did he mean to state that, in his more perfect cosmogony, he would have made brighter skies, more beautiful scenery,—that he would have had less dust, less glare, less rain, less damp, fewer fogs,—less frost and snow,—more beauty, more wit, more sunshine? What a world were Sir Godfrey's, if he had been permitted to work after this fashion! But how would he have been able to harmonise such things with themselves, apart from other matters? Still, there is a sense, in which improvement is not only necessary, but practicable; that is, in honest Betty Allen's sense; one of whose exclamations was, when dwelling on the state of things around her; "Aye, bairn," said she, "there's far mair misery in the world than there need be; folk bringin trouble on themsels by their bad ways!" Betty was correct. Leaving the natural world as Sir Godfrey found it, and which, it is believed, passed through his hands without any improvement, it might be asked what he effected in matters more within the immediate reach of his own province—in adding to the health, the virtue, the happiness, the morals, the social and religious comforts of society? This good woman, with not a ray of his genius, not a tithe of his income, not a fraction of the influence which his position commanded, did more to "*better*" the world in these respects, with her one talent, in the sphere in which she moved, than he did with his ten. He could work out a good picture of a better world. There was progress in what he did at the easel. He was big with hope. He knew no finality in art, and had a boundless belief in its possibilities. He was not one of the men who was everlastingly worshipping every thing antiquated, without moving his brush, till he considered how some person did the thing before him. He saw the promised land in the future. So did the Allens. But their future, and that of Sir Godfrey—though both were aiming at improve-

ment—differed widely, both as to the precise kind of fruit which was borne, and the place of landing. Their worlds were also equally apart from each other.

Instances have occurred to furnish an insight into the spirit of Betty Allen who acted so prominent a part in the family, and chiefly on whose account the memoir has been taken up, from the peculiar manner of her address. Persons, however, not familiarly acquainted with her real character, would be open to mistake, and apt to leave her with a wrong impression, in simply contemplating the exterior. She was naturally hasty in her temper, and sharp in her expression; in consequence of which, her key note was often pitched, though not loudly, a little above the ordinary conversational tone; within a note or so of the bar of a moderate scold. Yet her rebukes, checks, commands, remonstrances, or what else, could never properly be brought within the range of what may be denominated—"angry words." When anger usurps the rein, words are generally harsh, grating, and discordant to the ear; thrilling the nerves, giving pain to the heart, and awakening stinging emotions; producing a flash in the eye, a glow in the cheek, and bitter recriminating replies. "*Grievous words*," according to the proverb, "stir up anger." In such case, word follows word, in quick succession; and the sharp tones of the voice of a person under the influence of passion, invariably quicken the pulse and fan the flame in others. Betty was sharp, but not harsh; decisive, but not impetuous; emphatic, but not bitter or peremptory. No angry, still less malignant feeling, found a lodgment in her breast. When she commanded, she was obeyed; when she spoke, silence was imposed on saint and sinner, young and old, high and low. There was no gain-saying. The light that gleamed, lit on some fault, some impropriety, something that required attention or correction; something over which her position gave her proper control. It

was seen, and felt,—a flash and gone; a single brush, and all was instantly swept away both from her own feelings and the feelings of others;—caught, and heard of no more: the whole being resolved into a species of mannerism. Persons who could be offended with her, would, on a moment's reflection, be offended with themselves. Difficult as it may be to account for this, we have the fact; nor did the writer ever know, or hear of one, who loved her less, when placed under a momentary ban by either manner or expression. She provoked the smile rather than the frown. Though her temper was hasty, even warm, her disposition was generous and trustful. She was free from that morbid self-love which resolves itself into sensitive feeling, and frets at imaginary offences. She was grateful for kindness, and accepted that as a boon which others would consider as a due. The look and the word emerged at once from the heart, expressive of what was going on within. Still, she was not one, who, if she gave offence, would pine till forgiveness was won back; nor yet, if offended herself, that would instantly bound forth to forgive. This arose from the fact that she intended no offence, and had not the possibility of it suggested to her mind; and when offended, the feeling generally passed off with the occasion.

There was nothing of the cold marble in her system; and therefore few, if any, cold words in her mouth. It was not for her wilfully to break the finer heart with words, which, like winter frosts, are apt to break the crystal vase. She was warm, but not hot. It was not a spark that would set a house on fire; nor one of those turbulent fits that would leave her to repine and sigh a week after. She fought hard, and resisted stoutly, any undue warmth of feeling; and when manifested, would have felt more keenly, and wept more bitterly, though of a minor character, than some persons over the perpetration of moral evil. Though not exquisitely sensitive, still her

natural character had nothing of a granite formation in it; and it was greatly aided by the softening influence of divine grace. In her, all who knew her witnessed a self-consistent picture of a steady, warm-tempered woman, far from refined, but with a generous sense of duty and obligation—one who maintained her position without being unjust to others, or resentful to those by whom she might conceive herself slighted—munificent, but never wasteful—quick, but without any varied acquirement—thoughtful—without reading—practical and experimental in conversation—with numerous excellences—faults, but such as are inseparable from humanity, arising from training and domestic circumstances—forbidding, rather than fascinating, whether in conversation or manners; and yet embracing a wide circle of friends, by whom she was both loved and respected.

She was one of those, who, though not cunning of hand, like an engraver, was sure of eye; could detect better than execute, and in detecting, was certain to lay her hand upon what was offered to her notice. She was what some artists would have denominated—though not in the vulgar or strongest sense of the term—a delicious piece of rusticity. Still, plain as she was, she was natural without vulgarity, free from affectation, and erect without stiffness or stateliness. She could bend her head, tuck up her sleeves, and stoop to the pail, presenting a figure occasionally worthy of some of the more chaste pictures of Teniers or Ostade; always steering somewhere between rusticity and simplicity;—too trim, clean, and smooth of hair for the one, and not sufficiently childish for the other;—never offensive in her homeliness and honesty, though sometimes a little too immaculate in her floors and carpets to preserve equanimity of temper, when obtruded upon by dirty feet. In the latter case, her taste—if taste it were—was too exquisite, and her sensitiveness too quick for personal

comfort. She would have been an admirable companion, in this respect, for a lady who followed the steps of every visiter with a dust-pan and brush, as soon as the house was left, to sweep up any stray particle of mud that might have dropped by chance from the feet.

Mr. Speeding, a local-preacher in respectable life, preserved a vivid recollection of his first visit to the house. He had walked from Monkwearmouth, in order to supply his appointment at Shiney-Row. The lanes being unusually dirty, his shoes were thickly coated with mud and clay. He was rather a handsome man—had good sense—and conducted himself with propriety. Having heard of some of Betty's peculiarities, matters which, like a ball of snow, rarely diminish in magnitude in their course, he endeavoured to crane himself up to the point of meeting with temper and presence of mind, any little sally or event that might occur. On rapping at the door—being a stranger—and not having seen his intended hostess before, he enquired, "Does Mr. Allen reside here?" "Yes," replied Betty; and without further ceremony, asked, "Where do you come from?" "Monkwearmouth," he replied. What through the blunt salute, the picturings of imagination conjured up from "hearsay tales," and some slight degree of timidity and confusion, he forgot to clean his feet, and was just passing the domestic toll-bar without paying his respects to the scraper, leaving a deposit of mud as the charge of admission, when Betty wheeled round, and went to a corner, from which she took a brush, which lay in readiness for such occasions,—and then, taking him by the shoulders, gave him a sudden hitch to the door—sending the brush after him, and with the brush, her voice—"What do you mean, to come stalking into a clean house with such feet as them for? Take and brush them." Having performed quarentine, and adjusted matters as well as he could, he hesitated entering, lest any of the adhesive clay

should be left, which was difficult to remove, and therefore asked for a little water to complete the work by ablution. "No," said she, "you shall have no water here to spoil the leather;" adding, after this wholesome consideration, "come in, come in;" when he was treated with usual kindness, and had whatever would contribute to his social comfort:—brush, mud, water, salute, and all buried in oblivion!

A sharp eye was kept on all who entered the house; and except hymns of praise, no one was ever more delighted with the music of the scraper than herself. She heeded but little the shaking of the foot-mat, provided the first announcement of cleanliness was heard outside the door. Persons careless of either, were certain to be reminded of their duty: and some persons, who ought to know better, are very inconsiderate of both scraper and mat, though placed before the eye. Betty was a pattern of cleanliness—almost slavishly so; and her order—for order and cleanliness generally go hand in hand—had the workings of a time-piece about it. Breakfast about eight o'clock—dinner at twelve—tea at four—an early supper—early to bed—and up in good time in the morning.

The organ of order, referred too more than once, must have been largely developed, phrenologically speaking, and would have furnished a treat to any one skilled in the art, in a walk of the fingers over the head. Mr. W. Robinson, a simple-minded young man, a local preacher, without waiting for orders from head quarters, for his position at the dinner table, on seeing a vacant chair near him, ventured on its occupancy, as the party were gathering round. Most of the party being fairly seated, Betty herself yet standing, bent her eye on the young man, saying, "Get out there directly; it is my Wulley's chair"—being immediately opposite her own—"and if King George were to come in, he should not have it." Willy, standing by, modestly responded, "I can get another." "No," said Betty

peremptorily, "ye shall not; sit down, and let him get another." Orders were obeyed, and the young man, shrinking like an oyster into its shell, found a vacancy elsewhere. Betty's orders and adjustments reminded her guests of the immutable laws of nature, preserving, like the ocean, all within proper bounds. She instantly commenced operation, and assisted her guests with her usual liberality, each being soon lost to every subject but one.

Mr. Speeding, on another occasion, met with the same treatment, though by this time he was tolerably well schooled in her peculiarities. He had walked some miles and preached, and withdrawing from the table after dinner, seated himself on what is called the "long-saddle,"—a seat about five feet in length, with a loose cushion laid upon it, on which a person could recline;—a seat less luxuriously soft, of course, than the modern sofa, by which it has been supplanted. There he sat, hale, full of bloom and vigour, though ready apparently for a lounge. "Get up," said Betty, as in the case of the young man, and as though he had refused a former bidding; "ye shall not sit there." Then, turning to her husband, said, "Now Wully, lie doon." William hesitated, out of courtesy to its recent occupant, saying, "I can do without." Betty: "Sit doon, ye always get a bit of sleep efter dinner; ye are not strong, and need it, and shall not be hindered of it by any body." Mr. Speeding removed to another seat, and the good man had his accustomed sleep.

On another occasion, a preacher who took no tea, drew up to the table with Mr. Atherton and others, in compliment to the party. Betty finding that he was not in the habit of partaking of that beverage, ordered him off to another part of the room, where a small table was placed before him, and a portion of such bread as he had selected on a plate, was handed to him. There he sat—a bird alone—but quietly enjoying the smothered

smile of others, who playfully represented him as having forfeited his seat at the table, for having refused to close in with its customs and usual civilities; Mr. Atherton, who was partial to a little sport, when not over-awed by Betty's gravity, exchanging significant glances with his friend, and throwing in, on fitting occasions, in the course of conversation,—“you sit there like a good boy.” But Betty was insensible to any thing indecorous on her part. Her ways were right in her own eyes; there was nothing in them that trenched upon conscience; that clear, her course was clear. Nor did she ever seem to think of “notes or comments.” She furnished the text, and those who were disposed to take it up, might handle it to their liking.

SECTION XII.

THE movements of Betty were regular and systematic; and though she was always employed, and got through a fair proportion of work, she could not bear to be pushed beyond a certain speed, nor yet to be pressed by a multitude of things at the same time. The favourite proverb of Erasmus, “*Festina lente*,” *hasten slowly*, which he wished to be inscribed on buildings, rings, and seals, would have suited Betty in the first instance, and “one thing at a time,” in the second. Mr. Speeding entered the house after a meeting, and enquired, “Have you seen my umbrella?” “Umbrella,” exclaimed Betty, “What hev au to dea wud? cannot ye take care on’t yursel.” Speeding: “I was only asking a simple question.” “A simple question!” returned Betty, “twenty folk are here, an’ they aw want somethin? hevent aw plenty to dea think ye withoot lookin efter umbrellas. Upon maw word, aw wad hev

little to dea, to take care o' umbrellas," On public occasions the house was crowded; and taking the principal management of the culinary and other matters on herself, she found her habit of order disturbed, and her floors and carpets sadly disfigured, by the slovenly and the careless, in consequence of which her temper became chafed. But she was soon settled down again,

Her habit of industry, and her desire to have everything arranged, as well as every proper want supplied, led her to compass more than circumstances would allow her to accomplish. Persons who have their time entirely at their own disposal, with no definite duty to occupy them, are too apt to waste the precious hours entrusted to their care. Such persons should make duties for themselves, fix their hours for different occupations, do with their might whatsoever their hand findeth them to do, and carefully and conscientiously ascertain which of their employments is not worth all the care. Christians should have a motive and a reason for all they do, and frequently examine themselves as to what they are doing. The Allens had no time to squander, fritter, or idle away. They were generally employed in useful pursuits, either for themselves or others; and the two brothers especially were rarely cast down for trifles. It will be found in most cases, that when persons make up their minds to do a thing, they will effect their purpose. Betty set her heart on delivering her husband and brother-in-law from the pit, and she never paused till she achieved the object she proposed. Trouble might intimidate, but could never break her spirit. She might be chafed, as she often was, but was not to be thwarted; she might feel impatient, but still persevered: thus imitating the spider, which, should it break its thread twenty times a day, twenty times a day will repair it. There is nothing like perseverance. Job knew that: his philosophy taught him that "the waters wear the stones." Persistence

will overcome Resistance. Go on. When the sun is gone down, look at the moon; when the moon ceases to give forth its light, look at the stars; and when the earth is shrouded in darkness, keep the eye on heaven. The maxim is, "Who looks not before, finds himself behind." Perseverance is the special train that leads to wealth and wisdom; the bridge by which we cross over difficulties, and acquire the honour that comes from above; the river that carries all who patiently trust to it steadily to the end. It has not unaptly been compared to Indian-rubber, which, though pressed or bent, reverts to its original form. Betty in every struggle appeared the same decided character as before the trial came.

To the young man who served in the shop, who was paying his addresses to a young woman, she said, "Marry for love, and work for money." She observed to him, on another occasion, in a cautionary way, "It is better to have a little fire to keep you warm, than a big one to burn you."

"Some people's religious opinion," says Foster, the Essayist, "is only a stake driven in the ground; does not grow—shoots out no green—remains just *there*, and just so." Not so with the Allens. Their opinion shifted with the character and wants of those around them, to meet them in their necessities, and to encourage them in virtuous action; while their religion, which was the staple of their opinion, was like a tree, yielding at once shade to the weary and fruit to the hungry. Betty Allen herself, though apparently free from *passion*, shewed on particular occasions, that there was a strong, womanly nature, ever and anon flowing out, like the sap and juice from a tree. A certain vein of tenderness, something more than common kindness, stole out, which not only drew out the sigh and the tear, but substantial relief, where needed. Though homely and honest, she was not mere clay, or if clay, of a better kind than her general manners would indicate.

Religion, as presiding over hospitality, is beautifully brought out by Dr. Henry Grey, in a discourse in his "Parting Memorial;" shewing, that in a world where private and personal concerns necessarily engross so much of our regard, it is desirable that the generous emotions of the heart should be sometimes called into exercise in the exhilarating atmosphere of social intercourse and open-hearted hospitality. With the Allens, though hospitality was sincere and bountiful, it was more sedate than joyous, more solid than light and decorative, more for satisfaction than satiety, and was invariably connected with religious gatherings, in which their own hallowed feelings were interested. The scriptures allude, with manifest approbation, to several occasions of festivity: as Abraham's feast when Isaac was weaned; David's feast to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, when he brought up the ark; and the stated festivals prescribed by Jewish law: not to forget that Jesus honoured a marriage festival by his first miracle.

While Betty, in the entertainment of visitors and friends, set a firm front against every thing that assumed the appearance of superfluity, whether in food, apparel, or what else, she was no less on the alert to see that every thing capable of being worked up into use should be so appropriated,—not admitting of waste whether in the parlour or the kitchen, in herself or others. Mr. Speeding, in one of his usual appointments to Shiney-Row, found his accustomed seat at the table at the "Preacher's Home." Meat, vegetables, &c., crowned the board—plain and abundant. Having finished the vegetables to which he was helped, before his meat, and turned off the stalk of the former to the side of his plate, with the point of his knife, he requested to be assisted to a little more. "Eat what you have," said Betty, whose eye was at every point, "before you ask for more: you are too saucy." "I thought the stalk," it was replied, "might be a little hard." "Hard!"

she rejoined, as though reflected upon for serving him with what he was not able to eat, "Hard! it is young cabbish [cabbage]." The honoured guest, who found that it was not quite so tough as he anticipated, was obliged to enter into a compromise with Betty's thrift, and cut his way through the stalk—with which he found no difficulty—before he could obtain a second supply. Had the good woman not provided, and, as was her custom, helped bountifully—which was invariably the case, on ascertaining the number of her guests—she might have been charged with stinginess; but her guest knew on which side of the ledger to place the item. Though sailing very near the wind in such cases, she furnished a fine lesson to sluts and "wastrels," who will throw away what would support a poor family. She made as much conscience of what she deemed waste, as she did of a breach of the moral law.

A brother of William Allen who was a person of somewhat delicate constitution, had a large family, and a thriftless wife. The want of "thrift" met with no quarter from Betty, who, annoyed by incessant cravings, accosted the husband one day,—“It is nae use helpin’ ye, ye are gud for nothin’ but stockin’ the world wi’ bairns ye canna keep; whate’er is geen to you gangs into a roven (broken or cracked) dish, and elways runs oot.” A sorry picture. She herself would allow nothing either to run out or run over. “Waste nothing,” she would say to the servants and others; “ye canna make a morsel of what you waste.” When she found a piece of bread in the lanes, she carried it home, and gave it either to the poultry or the pig.

The Rev. T. Eastwood, who was on good terms with the good things of life, was at dinner, when an excellent piece of beef graced the board; and not seeing its companion ingredient, he called the servant by name, saying, with an air and accent which did not quite accord with his position as the

guest of one who would admit of no interference save her own,—“Be so good as bring the mustard.” “Let maw sarvant mind her wark,” said Betty, “ye hev nowt to dea wi’ her: beef withoot mustard is better than mustard withoot beef.” It was enough; nor did it, in common phraseology “put him off his meal.” The rebut lay quietly where it fell, and the guest was helped as though nothing had been said.

Her benefactions, which were far from inconsiderable, protected her against any charge of niggardliness. When persons were in want, they generally found their way either to the shop or the house. “We’ve had some folk here begging, for one John Harrison,” said she to Mr. S., “Who is he?” enquired the latter. “Who is he?” she returned: “Why, a man belonging to Sunderland, very badly off.” “I have no knowledge of him,” said Mr. S. “Aye,” replied Betty, quickly and sharply, “we may soon see what you are; if you had been in the habit of giving any thing, it would not have been long before they would have found you out.” Mr. S. was not quite prepared to receive such a comment on his want of information, and was taken somewhat more with her honesty and earnestness, than with her imputation, which, notwithstanding, might have hit others harder than it did himself.

Much more amusing was another incident, though coupled with matters much more serious to herself. The same person was at the house, and not being the regular hour for dinner, she invited him to take a little bread and cheese. Placing the same before him, she said, “You will wonder to see such a piece of cheese as that in our house. But I will tell you all about it. Willy was very ill, and the doctor had given him up. Well, I determined in my own mind, that he should have a good cheese at his funeral. I went to Newcastle and picked out the best cheese I could find, and brought it back with me. But you see, he got better, for which I am very thankful, and

we thought it would be better to make use of it. I was resolved, if he did not get better, it should never be eaten till he was dead." Even in this, we see the veneration in which she held her husband. The cheese was held sacred for the purpose for which it was purchased, and it would have been profane, in her esteem, to touch it before the solemn occasion, though thankful to the Supreme Being for protracting the stay on earth of one whom she loved so sincerely. Her pure unsophisticated mind could not, for the moment—in expression at least—separate the honour of having a good cheese from the senseless clay. It has to be added, that it was the largest she could procure, of the best quality, and that it was kept in a box for the space of two years before it was allowed to be used.

She had picked up a sentiment somewhere, which was supported by her own experience, "Every body at forty is a fool or a physican."* Impressed with this, she treasured up in her memory various receipts, which had been rendered useful in ordinary cases, and acquired some experience in the "Healing Art;" as in cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, old sores, diseases common to children,—and in bowel complaints; in which cases the poor generally applied to her for aid. In difficult cases, she frequently went to Sunderland for the best medical advice, made her statements, and returned with suitable medicine for the patient at her own expense. She has been known to prepare medicine for the Methodist preachers also, when taken suddenly ill, and has compelled them to take it in her presence. She would admit of no tampering, no hesitancy, no complacent

* "At forty," says the poet, "man suspects himself a fool." This is the fellow maxim to the one employed by Betty. The latter led to a neat retort on one occasion, when Lord Stowell and Sir Henry Halford were dining at the same table. Sir Henry repeating the proverb, and applying it to some hygeine remark of his lordship,—his lordship quietly enquiring—"May not a man be both, Sir Henry."

smile, no apparent grateful acceptance of it, with the possibility of it being thrown out of the door, when her back was turned. It was "there and then" with Betty. With all her bluntness, all her want of etiquette, all her unintentional incivilities, she very often sat up whole nights with her poor afflicted neighbours, watching over them with the care of a nurse, with the tenderness and anxiety of a mother. Stern as she might appear, in some instances, she was, on these occasions, the tiny flower that hangs out its white flag of truce, to shew that winter is about to disappear, and that pure nature is coming out in full dress to charm the mind and regale the senses.

Her attention was first drawn to the ailments of the poor by Mr. James Wood, who, with several of the old preachers, gave medical advice; and these again probably, were prompted to try their skill in quackery, through Mr. Wesley himself, in consequence of the publication of his "Primitive Physic," and "Family Physician," though a stringent rule, after he had innocently led the way, appeared in the Minutes of 1770, page 21, 22, against the prevailing practice among the preachers, of selling "pills, drops, balms, and medicines of any kind," not omitting "cloth and hardware." As the rule did not touch Betty, and she was probably ignorant of it, she proceeded; and, on any pit-accident, which did not require surgical aid, she was generally resorted to. Nor did she aid only in this way, but to the more necessitous, as has been seen elsewhere, she gave both food and raiment, and visited them at their houses. One of her specifics, which was a mixture of senna, liquorice, &c., which was found in the neighbourhood, went by the name of "Betty Allen's Bottle," price one shilling. A person seriously afflicted with ague, was recommended to apply to her, and returned to his home restored, tendering to her his warmest thanks. In internal complaints, she dealt largely in rhubarb and magnesia; and when children were brought to her, she

was not very nice with them, in her manner of handling. She generally laid them across her knee, and, with the spoon and medicine in one hand, and the nose pressed between the finger and thumb of the other, as in a vice, she compelled the obstinate urchins to swallow the dose, who, on finding the door of the olfactory closed to the air, naturally open that of the mouth to assist respiration, and instantly gulped the nauseous draught. No coaxing, no time lost with Betty.

The benefactions of this benevolent family, in the shape of hospitality, to the various funds of the Wesleyan Connexion, to other benevolent, humane, and Christian institutions, public and private, during a series of years, amounting not barely to hundreds, but to thousands of pounds, are sufficient to put to the blush many in more affluent circumstances. They adopted the Christian plan of doing good while they lived, and to a considerable extent, became their own EXECUTORS.* Benevolence

* Two extraordinary cases connected with recent deaths went the round of the public Journals in March, 1858. The one was headed,—

“MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—In consequence of the decease of the widow of the late John Hinchcliffe, Esq., of Notting Hill, on the 28th November last, in her 92nd year, the following bequests under his will have fallen in, and are now being paid by his executors to the undermentioned charities:—*Cancer Hospital* £1,000; *Charing-cross Hospital* £1,000; *Middlesex Hospital* £1,000; *St. Mary's Hospital*, £1,000; *Asylum for Idiots* £1,000; *Indigent Blind Society*; £1,000; *Deaf and Dumb Asylum* £1,000; *Magdalen Hospital* £1,000; *Loek Hospital* £1,000; *London Fever Hospital* £1,000; *London Truss Society* £1,000; *Journeyman Tailors' Institution* £1,000; *Houseless Poor Society* £500; *Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* £500.” This, at best, is a humane WILL; a will for the body, but not for the soul, for literature, for public morals, or for Christianity, either at Home or Abroad. £13,500 for a perishing body, £500 for the brute creation! Not a fraction for the immortal soul!! and given when the benefactor could hold it no longer. Do such bequests come within the category of “FREE-WILL OFFERINGS?” The other was headed:—

“WILLS.—The will of James Morrison, Esq., of Upper Harley-street, London, and of Basildon Park, Berks, dated 30th July, 1852, with three codicils, respectively dated 16th November, 1854; 19th July, 1856; and 29th September

set out on her journey with them in good earnest, and with pure intentions; but was not allowed, as is observed in other cases—after setting a good face upon it—to call in the aid of self-interest, by way of crutch, and so to limp, and become more feeble as age crept on. Never were persons more devoid of the least tincture of selfishness than the Allens. They had a good

1856, though of immense length, may be comprised in a few words, the bequests being entirely confined to his widow, his six sons, and three daughters. To his *widow* an annuity of £10,000; a legacy of £5,000; the residences in Upper Harley-Street and Basildon;—to his *eldest son* CHARLES £1,000,000, including the estates in Berkshire, Middlesex, London, and at Goring, as well as Islay, Scotland;—to his *son* ALFRED £750,000, including estates in Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Glamorganshire, and all articles of vertu and art, and other effects at Fonthill;—to his *son* FRANK £300,000, including estates in Kent, Surrey and Sussex;—to his *son* WALTER £300,000, including estates in the West-Riding, Yorkshire;—to his *son* GEORGE £300,000, including estates in Buckinghamshire, and Oxfordshire;—to his *son* ALLAN £300,000, including estates in Suffolk and Essex;—to his *three daughters* £50,000 each. Appoints his sons CHARLES and ALFRED residuary legatees, equally, as also executors, together with Mrs. Morrison and John Dullon Esq. The second codicil (1856), states that his business in Fore-Street, had been transferred to MR. CHARLES MORRISON for £350,000." In this will, so far as it appears, favour is shewn to neither *man* nor *beast*, beyond the narrow circle of his *own family*, in which he seems to have lived and died like an oyster in its shell. He had, at least, received "one talent" from his Lord. This it appears, he had "hid in the earth" of his own sordid mind; and to prevent its use in either the cause of humanity or Christianity, "tied it up in a napkin," by his last will and testament, for the exclusive use of ten persons, a widow, six sons, and three daughters. It is frightful, when contemplated in connection with the claims of *religion* and *humanity*, with the light of the day of judgment blazing upon it. In both of these cases, so far as the mission of the Son of God is concerned, in the conversion of the world, the public press has suspended both, as upon a jibbet, back to back, with an upbraiding Bible beneath their feet for the gaze of the world, to the day of doom. The man that does no good to any one, except to himself and his family, is a hateful encloser of the bounty of his Maker; one who impales the bounty which God has given, by usurping as sole proprietor, the blessings designed by Divine Providence for the common relief of the human family.

deal of the thoughtful economy of Quaker Penn infused into their system, who considered frugality good only so far as it was combined with liberality; the one throwing aside the superfluous, to enable the other to scatter its blessings into the lap of want;—frugality without liberality, leading to covetousness,—and liberality without frugality, ending in prodigality. Here, in the Allens, they went hand in hand,—they got, that they might give,—they gave what providence had given.

They started in their religious course in the right way,—sincerely, earnestly, prayerfully, believingly—all terminating in obedience. The starting point of obedience, agreeably to Dr. Chalmers, is faith; and the great point at which he aimed was, to induce persons to start immediately; not to wait for more light to spiritualize their obedience; but to work for more light by yielding a present obedience up to the light which was then in them, through which they would find the gift gradually enlarged. It was in this way the Allens proceeded, working while it was “day;” doing whatever their hand found them to do—doing it with their might, not boastingly, but quietly, steadily, perseveringly, determinately—and all in the way of service to God. And the very fruit of their doing this, because of God’s authority, was, that they at length did it because of their own renovated taste. As they persevered in the labours of their Master’s service, they were transformed more and more into the likeness of His moral character; never rising to refinement, but in experimental knowledge and moral worth—their benefactions expanding as means and opportunity were afforded. The graces of holiness both brightened and multiplied upon them. These were their treasures—treasures for heaven—the delight of which chiefly consists in the affections, and feelings, and congenial employments of the new creation.

They continued under the regular tuition of the Methodist preachers, several of whom have passed in review; and as they

were constantly influenced by them, a brief notice may be taken of those who stood before them in the pulpit, and eat at their table in the dwelling, at a period subsequent to 1810—say, from thence to 1820: these were twenty-one in all, exclusive of local preachers, and occasional visitors. If a man, according to the old proverb, is known by the company he keeps, the Allens will sustain no loss in this view of their character: only, it must be remarked, that it was not with the peculiarities or the temperament of the men that they had to do, but with their Christianity, and the distinctive character of their teaching. Among these were,—

WILLIAM ATHERTON: who had acquired some celebrity in Scotland, where he had spent a few years, previously to his appointment to the Sunderland circuit. A first-rate preacher;—rather logical but not drily or technically so;—rousing, full of energy, sometimes startling;—possessed of a retentive memory, and slavishly memoriter, though rarely ever at fault;—highly instructive and impressive;—occupied the pulpit like a monarch on his throne, where he wielded the sceptre with extraordinary effect;—profuse in epithet, and though descriptive, sometimes cloying the unction or passion to which such epithets were applied, and so materializing it, by producing the appearance rather than the reality of an effect, in consequence of coarsely colouring and copying the mere outward manifestations of feelings, instead of trying to produce the effect by the legitimate process of working up the causes from within;—often caustic and severe;—in the habit of stringing together a number of abrupt sentences, like Sterne with his hyphens, and running them on without a period;—stood, as a preacher, pre-eminent among his brethren;—president of the Conference. Has a son, a sound lawyer, now Attorney-General, with a fine philosophic mind, who is a good speaker, and sits in Parliament for Durham.

JOHN PHILLIPS: a plain, practical preacher;—truly devotional in his character.

JAMES LOWRY: partial to the Puritan divines, of whom he made a good use, and so shewed his good sense;—respectable as a preacher;—travelled a few years, and then, through the influence of his wife's friends, procured a living in the Established Church.

WILLIAM TRANTER: very ordinary.

JOSEPH BRITAIN: a slight improvement on the latter.

THEOPHILUS LESSEY, senior: sound sense,—instructive,—sharp in spirit.

GEORGE SMITH: sometime a missionary at Newfoundland, where he suffered much, and bore all with the spirit of a martyr;—not highly gifted, but deeply pious,—ardent,—laborious,—mighty in prayer,—pastoral in his habits, and extensively useful.

THOMAS HILL: not distinguished for judgment, sometimes in trouble, meant well, and was desirous of benefiting his fellow-creatures.

EDWARD BATTY: well meaning, but with indifferent tools to accomplish his work.

GEORGE MARSDEN: respectable as a man and a Christian;—deeply pious;—great sameness in his ministry;—vehement, but without pathos or passion. Filled the presidential chair.

JOHN WATERHOUSE: travelled some years with repute in England;—appointed superintendant of the South Sea Missions, where he was soon called to his reward;—highly acceptable as a preacher;—a good voice,—pleasing address,—a fine cheerful spirit,—next to playful, and could laugh himself blind.

THOMAS PRESTON: serious, sedate;—a kind heart, and Christian demeanour;—a solid preacher;—well read in the Scriptures, and an admirable textuist in consequence.

BERNARD SLATER; generally acceptable,—plain,—simple;—had no objection to pass off as a reader without much capital to support his claim.

JOSEPH HOLLINGWORTH: bid fair for a popular, useful, Christian minister, but was cut off in the prime of life.

JOHN BRAITHWAITE: a second appointment;—not so successful as the first, but still beloved and prized by the church.

JOHN FARRAR: a second appointment also, sustaining the same fearless off-hand character as before.

JOHN MANN: a substantial preacher.

DAVID Mc NICOL: combined, with great acuteness, considerable grasp and force of mind, sound judgment, rich imagination, with strong reasoning powers;—unequal in the pulpit, though never low or uninteresting, and leaving the impression that he could do much better;—never common-place;—on bending his mind to a subject, was seen rolling in majesty, and heard warbling, on upward wing, like the lark, with a finely modulated voice—full—powerful—and sweet as it was varied. Though a voracious reader, his was not a second-hand knowledge, but came warm from the heart, and sparkling from the brain. Was not enslaved by the writers whose pages he turned over, making use of their knowledge as they had made use of that of others, by giving a touch here, and adding a tint there, or having done more than this, appealing to the judgment of the judicious reader, whether he had not worked to advantage: no, he was original;—not one who stole, but picked up, polished, and improved. He was more, though a Scotchman, than “the little dainty Davy” of Burns,—a cheerful Christian and a sound divine, as well as a poet. An admirable characteristic sketch of him, by Mr. Dixon, was prefixed to his *Miscellaneous Works* when published.

SAMUEL WARREN: afterwards LL.D.;—father of Samuel Warren, the novelist, recorder of Hull, and member of Parlia-

ment. The doctor was a respectable preacher,—published a volume of sermons,—led the way in the disruption of 1835,—and afterwards entered the Established Church;—a man of Christian character,—laborious,—and acceptable among the people.

JAMES BLACKETT: feeble,—well-meaning.

THOMAS SKELTON: rash,—fiery,—of little weight,—and required the curb.

From such lights as these, noticed as heretofore, the Allens drew their religious knowledge; and though the men, with a few exceptions, were not highly gifted, they were generally such as fed the flame of devotion, like the priests in the temple at Jerusalem, whose place it was to watch and feed the fire on the altar, and so prevent it, whether by night or day, from becoming extinct: a beautiful emblem of the love of God glowing on the altar of the human heart! The family had the advantage too, of finding a *pastor* in the *preacher*, owing to his domiciling with them on his visits to the village. On the occasion of some of these visits, little incidents turned up now and then, which developed more fully the peculiarities of Betty's character, some of which, though a little amusing, were calculated to leave an indelible impression on the minds of the reverend gentlemen.

SECTION XIII.

SEVERAL of the preachers, in defiance of Wesley's protest against the use of tobacco, embodied in his rules,—in violation of a solemn pledge on their admission into the itinerancy, not to use it,—and to the great annoyance of many Christian families, were, and continued to be, slaves to the pipe, not omitting snuff.

Even the presidents, say J. Gaulter and J. Bunting, the one a slave to the pipe and the other to the snuff-box, have been known, the one with the atmospheric fumes of tobacco floating around him, and the other with the snuff-box in his hand, to exact a promise from the candidates for the ministry, not to touch the sinful weed;—an exaction solemnly enforced by them on the authority of Mr. Wesley, whose authority they themselves were personally and practically setting at nought, at the very moment they were insisting on the pledge. Any man might live in the open violation of the pledge after he had made it, but was not allowed to enter the full ranks till he had given it! One of these reverend, wholesale smokers, Mr. W. A., who afterwards filled the presidential chair, reeking amid the fumes of the forbidden weed, had so far overcome Betty's hostility, as to be allowed the use of the pipe in the kitchen. This was not sufficient. He took his "cutty" to his bed-chamber with him, where he had, for some short time eluded the keen scent of his hostess, and so left her olfactory nerves undisturbed. This gentleman would have suited Wordsworth, who had no sense of smell, and who, only once in his life, had the dormant power awakened, by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, which, on his own testimony, was like a vision of paradise to him—lasting only a few minutes, and the sense ever after becoming torpid. There was no torpor in either the sense or the mind of Betty, and much more of the smoke of another place in the pipe, in her esteem, than the scent of the stock. The servant had been up stairs, where she thought she felt the scent of the weed, and conveyed the intelligence to her mistress, who instantly made her way up to the chamber, and being met by the abominable stench, which quickened her ascent, she, regardless of ceremony, rushed into the room without knocking at the door, where she had presented to her view

the *divine* stretched on the bed, with a short pipe in his mouth, and a book in his hand. What a picture for Hogarth! This was not to be endured by Betty, who, in her homely conceptions, could only associate with such a scene, old grunto lying in litter too clean for his gross habits. "What behaviour is this?" she exclaimed. "Do you call this good behaviour in any body's house? My clean, white bed, and white curtains! The sheets will stink for weeks! We'll never get the smoke out of the curtains. My good white bed to be used in this way! Have you not enough of smoking in the kitchen without coming up here?" The gentleman, who could give and take a great deal of the rougher rebukes of the tongue, was not a little abashed at being caught in such a plight, on having resigned himself to the quiet enjoyment of an hour or two, and in being so sharply and unexpectedly catechised by his hostess, and the more so as there must have been a keen sense of merited reprehension on his part. He felt he had gone too far, and stood quailed before her, as others had occasionally stood before himself. He contrived to satisfy himself with the kitchen and the yard after this. Why not? He had every other comfort the house could afford, free of cost—as much as any Christian man could desire, or have reason to expect. Necessity too, was laid upon him;—there was no other house near in which he could be so entertained. Would that smokers—the most noisome, hardened, impudent, filthy, obtrusive, unself-denying creatures in decent social life—were fully awake to the ordinary decencies of society, and the annoyance they give to many Christian families, by enveloping them in smoke, offending their olfactory sensibilities, and even turning the stomach while disembouging their filthy slime into the spittoon, and bespattering the mantel-piece. One man very often annoying half-a-dozen of the sisterhood! Can the language of rebuke be too strong, when the ministers of the sanctuary are implicated and impeached? Is it

surprising that John Wesley's cleanly, economical habits, and fine sensibilities, should be shocked with such stench, sights, and waste; and that he should make a rule against the practice, when the priests were leading the people astray! Some of these if placed in a wood, might be chased, like a poll-cat or an ill-savoured fox,—carrying with them an atmosphere of their own, and leaving a stream of offensive effluvia in their wake. * Off to the windward of such beings! preaching up self-denial to others, while in chains themselves! As to Mr. A., he was not always careful as to what spark he let fall into such inflammable matter as his hostess was composed of, when the article of her cleanliness was touched with unwashed hands.

It must not pass unnoticed, that Charles sometimes "stole a march" on his good sister-in-law. Mr. R. S. was at Shiney-Row. Charles was in a small room alone, and knowing that his friend was no enemy to either the scent or flavour of the narcotic weed, he asked him to "take a pipe." "Mrs. Allen," rejoined Mr. S., "will not be pleased." "She is not in," said Charles, apparently glad of a cover for his own transgression in a little self-indulgence. It was not long before Betty made her appearance, when Mr. S. stood rebuked before her, and poor Charles bent like a twig before the passing gale. It was

* By a return recently issued, it is shown that the duty on tobacco in one year in the United Kingdom was £5,201,104. In London alone the duty received was £2,171,665. Add to this *one-third* more as its cost in the market. In the case of *cigars*, the cost is considerably more. One young gentleman dashed into the shop of a tobacconist, ignorant of prices and qualities, and asked the price of the best. The tradesman aware of his customer, replied, "We have some as high as *two guineas* per lb!" "Let me," said the young spark, "have half a pound." He paid his twenty-one shillings, and departed delighted with his purchase. Prices in cigars are very often merely nominal, and suited to the character of the customer. A family, near Bury, in Lancashire, expends £100 per annum in the use of tobacco!!! What a consumption? Is there not *sin* in this?

a brush and away; she had not suffered the sin of smoking on her brother and her neighbour; the breeze died with the last word that dwelt upon her lips. She asked Mr. S. to take tea with the family; but he was engaged elsewhere. Mr. Tuer dropped in, and he was also pre-engaged. Mr. S. was about to leave the neighbourhood, and it was likely to be his last visit, being about to remove to another locality. All the sympathies of her social and generous nature arose, and in the bitterness of disappointment, she wept, exclaiming "all my old friends are deserting me."

Occasion has been thus taken to shew Betty's antipathy to the superfluous, and its effect on her spirit, in matters of taste, as in the case of the boy with the sugar and currant-pudding. Her common sense led her to distinguish also between superfluity and extravagance, in another article nearly allied to the sugar-basin, in the choice distribution of which the lady of the house is sometimes compelled to be somewhat chary, if not parsimonious. Mr. G. M., a grave man, and, by birth, belonging to the better end of society, who succeeded the preceding gentleman in the Sunderland circuit a few years, and who also filled the presidential chair,—a man distinguished for circumspection, order, and neatness, came under the restraining power of Betty also, in the course of one of his ministerial visits to Shiney-Row. He had his cup handed to him at the tea-table, together with sugar-bason and cream-jug. Not at all inveterate in his antipathies to the good things of the table, when they came in an agreeable way, he sweetened his tea to his taste, and then administered the cream with apparent zest. The latter being a scarce article, the neighbourhood not being noted for dairies and other agricultural fruits and appearances, Betty chased the cream-jug with her eye from one to another, and the good man being a little too lavish of its contents, instantly, in an elevated tone, sent her startling voice across the table,

saying,—“Stop Mr. M.; do you not know there is somebody to come after, that will want some as well as yourself.” The caution was too late; the stated gravity of his reverence was seriously disturbed; and the face which generally bespoke a heart—though sincere—insensible of the emotions of either grief or joy, was slightly flushed towards the eyes; nor did the inflexible features, with the exception of something like shame, resume their wonted icyness and stiffness for some time, despite of the flavour of the tea, and the cheerful flow of the cream which floated thickly on the surface. Betty, on the other hand, soon settled down into her usual observant mood, heedless of the uneasiness the doze might give her patient, and not without hope, as it was at the commencement of the meal, that the early check might diminish the complaint of extravagance in others, while the tempting bait was going its round; the check itself being a brief comment on the old adage—“Of a little take a little.” No interdict was imposed on any one, in reference to tea, sugar, toast, or tea-cakes; they had full license to take what they pleased; all that was necessary was, a little self-denial with regard to the cream, which could be no great hardship in the presence of an abundance of every thing beside. Though all was over with Betty, her guest bore a lively recollection of the affair—particularly at the tea-table, on the occasion of each subsequent visit.

Mr. M., however, was not the only divine that touched the sensibilities of Betty, between 1810 and 1820, in the list referred to, on the article of cream. Mr. T. L. was either forgetful or a little inconsiderate in this matter; and his hostess holding him in check, drew forth the remark,—“I have only taken a little:” “Nay,” returned Betty, “I think you have taken a great deal.” It passed off without further remark; but, like Mr. M., he learned to be more considerate in future, though his temper was less able to support the interference.

The brethren of the cloth found her the same at the dinner, as at the tea-table,—attentive, natural, unceremonious. A group sat round the family board. Charles was drooping, and had but little relish for food. "You will have a bit more," said Betty, in a softened tone. He declined, with thanks. With a look of tender solicitude, the tears glistening in her eyes, and in softened accents, she said,—“Ay, poor thing, you are off your appetite; it has gone from you.” Mr. G. M., just referred to, enquired with his usual grave and tremulous voice, “Is Mr. Charles poorly, Mrs. Allen?” “Poorly!” answered Betty, on a sharp key note, “do you not see he is poorly? where are your eyes?” Then looking at Charles with still deeper feeling, and next turning herself with quickened glance upon Mr. M., as though she would scotch him, for what appeared to her, from his interrogatory, a want of feeling, when his eyes could have helped him to an answer, said, “You come here, and eat and drink, and go away again: it shews what notice you take of us.” Coupled with this, in the mind of Betty, was nothing of regret for the hospitality shewn, but grief because of a lack of pastoral visitation on the part of the preachers, in which the sting lay sheathed; not making themselves sufficiently familiar with the poor and the ailing. She looked in this, beyond herself. Their pastoral visits to her own abode were matter of necessity, for they had no where else to go to; but she would have valued them still more, if she had seen more of the voluntary principle in operation, in witnessing a readiness to visit the abodes of others, being to her still stronger proofs of sympathy and disinterestedness. The good man, never overburdened with sympathetic feeling, made the best of his way through the remainder of his meal, and existing circumstances; no doubt improved by the double lecture, compressed into small compass for portability; the one on taste and thrift, in the case of the

cream, and the other on the right use of the eyes, allowing them to stir up the sympathies of the human heart, in the case of the afflicted.

That she was personally glad to see the preachers, and spared neither labour nor expense to entertain them, has been abundantly shewn; nor had she been a dull scholar in the domestic school, with all her peculiarities and want of early tuition. She wished others to share the society and the sympathies of the preachers. Though deficient in etiquette, from want of earlier moulding, she could not, with a tolerable memory, an observant eye, an attentive ear, and plain good sense, but bear about with her a fair portion of that miscellaneous knowledge which floats upon the surface of social intercourse. Neither she, her husband, nor her brother-in-law, were deficient in that information which naturally belongs to members of civil society, and still less of those qualities which go to constitute Christian character, in its moralities and its charities,—its deep and abiding sense of justice and truth,—the whole being watched by the discriminating eye of an enlightened conscience, which decided on the act, without the reason being assigned.

Though sometimes open to an opposite interpretation, Betty was so far from giving grudgingly, that her ordinary practice was, to encourage moderate enjoyment in all her guests. The cream was an exception, and rose from a scanty supply in the neighbourhood; and from no want of generous feeling, but that all might have an equal share. "Come Mr. Bell," said she, to one of the preachers, "eat hard: it is a bit of good mutton,—part of a leg that I boiled on Thursday, to make Wulley a few broth, for he is poorly; and I have roasted the rest to-day: it is good meat; make your dinner." Here, all was plain sailing. But his reverence missed his way at the close. The cheese was placed on the table, from which he was

allowed to help himself. Unfortunately, he planted his knife in the middle, and was digging out a small piece of soft adapted to his taste and his tools. "Man," said Betty, "what are you howking [digging] there for? Who learned you to cut cheese that way?" "It is genteel," replied Mr. B. pleasantly, "to cut cheese in this way." "I like none of your genteel ways," said Betty; "sic [such] fashions will not do here. Who is going to eat the crust after you? Cut fair." The centre of the cheese was under interdict, as well as an attack on the centre of a leg of lamb. The walls were to be regularly lowered with the interior. Like the prudent man, who foresees the evil, and hides himself, she looked forward to future wants, as well as at present supplies; and any thing coming across her own settled notions of propriety, and which seemed to trench on unfairness, waste, self-indulgence, or selfishness, was certain to feel a touch of the check rein. She was not given to change in any thing. All was stereotyped. It would have been as easy to break into a whole set of stereotyped plates, as into one. The whole was cast, and not to be distributed like separate letters in an entire paragraph. But though careful, she was as remote from slovenliness, as from meanness or waste.

To return to the table, and to a similar joint of meat to the one just named: she was carving as usual, when her husband, pointing to the venison end, to which he was partial, said, "I'll thank thee for a little bit off *that*." "No," returned Betty, "you shall not have it; you have your better clothes on, and you will dirty yourself with picking the bone." Unconscious on her part, her husband was reduced to childhood, requiring the pinafore, and was not to be indulged, on the bare possibility of slipping the bone from between his fingers and soiling his clothes. She had a reason for every thing she did and said, though not always given, nor yet quite within reach of the conjecture of others when not assigned.

Mr. Speeding, who has been already introduced, though much respected by the family, was obliged to move within certain prescribed limits, and, with others, was placed in the position of a certain gentleman in an old engraving, standing between the limbs of a certain instrument, with this motto—"keep within compass." He took a wheeled conveyance to Shiney-Row, in the course of one of his appointments—a rather unusual affair, as the preachers were either horse-riders or pedestrians, himself having been previously numbered among the former. He was met at the door by Betty, who accosted him,—“You have brought a cart with you.” Speeding,—“Yes, a tax-cart, one with springs. Have you any person at hand to take the horse out?” Betty,—“Take it out yourself? What are you standing there for? A horse might have served you. We have plenty trouble without such things as these.” “I am afraid,” said Mr. Speeding, “I cannot, not being accustomed to such work.” “Who put it in?” enquired Betty, hastily. “The person to whom both horse and conveyance belong,” was returned. “What do you bring things here for, ye know nothing about?” Here the husband stepped forward, and took hold of the harness, to settle matters, saying, “I’ll help you to take it out.” “You shall do no such thing with your Sunday clothes,” said Betty, “to get them dirtied,” gently pushing him aside, and half-inclined, on the first flush of heat being thrown off, to lend a helping hand herself.

By a little management, the horse was unharnessed, stabled, and fed, and the two guests—for another person accompanied Mr. Speeding—were hospitably entertained. Here, another word or two, in support of honest Betty—who seems to require an apologist to be in constant attendance—may be introduced; company, or other matters, coming upon her unexpectedly, often hurried her spirit, which was naturally quick, and occasioned a little eddy, like a brush of wind, passing over the

surface of a lake, which as suddenly subsides, as it is awakened from its slumbers. And yet, how much is this to be preferred, to that of dealing with a person scowling, storming, or sitting down to brood in darkness, like a thunder-cloud, hanging over the social circle? It is not the province of religion, as occasion has been taken to remark, to destroy natural character. The gnarled oak, the fir, the ash, the elm, the thorn, the rose, the tulip, the wheat, the barley, the pea, the apple, the pine—each maintains its essential and distinctive character;—they, as a whole, may be *improved*, in consequence of soil, climate, situation, and culture, but are not to be *changed*. The breed of animals and birds also, are capable of improvement; but no one species is transformed into another, however crossed or treated. Sex and species remain distinct. It was only by *miracle*, not by *grace*, that Betty Allen could have become other than what she was. She had become a “living epistle,” not “written with ink, but by the Spirit of the living God.” The parchment, to pursue the scriptural illustration, was the same in form and substance; but it had passed, so to speak, through a kind of chemical process,—had been re-cleaned and re-written;—was bound up, though not in the neatest or gaudiest, in the plainest Christian morals,—and so presented to the world as a book of practical piety, to be “seen and read of all;”—presented, of course, because of its plainness, in old puritanic style, for readers in the less aspiring walks of life, rather than in the more tasty style and ornamented binding of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe or Hannah Moore. Betty stood alone in her own distinctive character—a *changed woman*; but, like others engaged in “the Battle of Life,” often bowed down,—then again in the field, in stern conflict with her besetting ailment. She must be viewed, not as though she had “already attained,” or were already “made perfect,” but as one “following on to know the Lord.” All character, whether good or bad, boisterous or calm,

gentle or strong, passive or active, is grounded in the passions, and receives its mould from these; and not a little is involved—owing to peculiar bias—in “the ruling passion strong in death.” It was the toil of the tortoise with Betty; and though she might be longer in the race than the hare of genius, she was the most likely of the two, by her plodding perseverance, to have the advantage in the issue, as the hare is often pursued by enemies more swift of foot than herself.

SECTION XIV.

THE local preachers entertained by the family must not be forgotten, as the Allens received part of their pulpit tuition from this class of officials, and they go to make up the characters with whom they were associated in social life,—contributing their quota to give them their religious cue, and preserve them in well doing. Among these, there was as great a diversity, as to mental calibre, manners, and attainments, as those in the itinerant ranks; both under God, with few exceptions, having been raised from the humbler walks of life, and quarried themselves from the native rock,—the itinerants, as a whole, having, in consequence of more leisure for reading, and mingling occasionally with persons somewhat higher in society, possessing—say, a little more polish, and, generally, more information, than such as were fettered down to manual labour. A few specimens may be here introduced, and only a few, out of the scores, not unfrequently employed in the same circuit.

Messrs. Longridge and Speeding have been noticed; the latter, a fine tempered man, with good common sense, agreeable manners, a ready utterance, and, like Mr. Longridge, a warm supporter of Sabbath schools.

WILLIAM MIDDLETON: a draper in Sunderland; highly respectable;—tall—gentlemanly—dark complexion—deeply pious—somewhat sombre in his views and feelings—plain—circumspect—an acceptable preacher.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD: grocer and baker;—a noble looking man—fit, in appearance, to command a troop of horse—frivolous—talkative—forward—well-meaning—fluent in the pulpit—rather shallow—more like a brawling stream than a stately river.

ALEXANDER MATHEWSON: a tallow-chandler, &c.—“Westward Ho,” belonging to Colliery Dikes—below the middle size—well-built—active as fire—acute—logical—well read—good expression—sermons full of instruction, and always embodying a subject—clear—convincing—telling—something for the hearer to carry away with him, and treasure up like spoil—his visits as welcome as the return of spring—an eye allied to that of the hawk tribe—a face beaming with intelligence. *

* This good man became unfortunate, on which occasion, he penned the following lines, in which will be found an allusion to the cause of his failure; the lines themselves being entitled,—

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS BOOKS.

Farewell, companions of my happiest hours,
When fortune smiled auspicious on my head:
Now clouds and darkness o'er my cottage lours,
And hopes and joys are withered all and dead.

Some wealthy cit may place you on his shelf,
In splendid livery deck th' external east;
But none your worth esteems, more than myself,
Nor more laments that we must part at last.

We part! Heaven knows with what reluctant mind,
For what—some villain's treachery was the cause,
Deceived and cheated by a faithless friend,
I now resign you to my country's laws.

ROBERT SPOOR: engaged in the manufacture of glass;—like an old English squire—above the average size—robust, portly—features, as if chiselled in marble—inflexible—gravely austere—strict integrity—much respected—deliberate and sententious in the pulpit—more pompous in appearance than in reality—a full, strong voice, without modulation—the Northumbrian *burr* in perfection, hawked up the windpipe, with its dialect, accent, and pronunciation slightly and awkwardly polished,—without pathos—good judgment—instructive—and a good expositor of the word of God.*

THOMAS ROBINSON: in the flax line; a kind, gentle spirit—fond of a good book—an easy, natural speaker—tender—a genial warmth—social—an enquiring mind—useful—and highly acceptable as a preacher.

My tears bedew each volume as we part;
With parting pangs I turn the pages o'er,
Whilst sobs and sighs alternate rend my heart,
We part, alas! perhaps to meet no more!

Go, dear companions of my happiest hours,
When fortune smiled auspicious on my head:
Now clouds and darkness o'er my cottage lours,
And hopes and joys are wither'd all and dead.

But, lo! beyond the blackest gloom of night,
The morn appears with Sol's refulgent ray,
Wait, O my soul, in patience for the light,—
Thy darkness yet may end in open day.

* A young man was proposed as a candidate for the itinerant work, when the Superintendant asked, "What is your opinion of our young brother, as a preacher? Will he do for the regular work?" "Well, sir," replied Mr. S., "he is an excellent young man, and, I think in process of time, will make a good preacher: but his sermons seem to come *from* him, as though they did not come *through* him." Robert saw that there was more of the *memory* than the *heart* at work, and expressed himself in this singular way. He wanted less of the parrot, more of the man.

ROBERT ADAMSON: a man whose character stood on a somewhat granite base;—tall—muscular—dauntless expression—original—a little coarse—fluent—strong voice—in love with startling, quaint, bold figures and sayings—would have preferred the honest Tinker of Bedford for a model to the “silver-tongued” Howe or Bates,—much followed by persons of warm feeling.

JAMES IRVINE: tall—well-favoured—from the lake districts—wordy—sermons too much beat out into leaf—never at a loss for something, though not always *the thing*—agreeable in manner—useful—and acceptable in his turn.

JOHN BURDON: a farmer;—like a thick, dumpy Puritanic quarto, without its matter—gentle—“slow and easy”—deficient in reading—good character—common-place—preaching like fire-side talk.

JOHN COULTHARD: tall—slender—modest—slow of speech—sound judgment—good information—loved and respected—amiable—benevolent—useful.

WILLIAM BROGDEN: belonged to a neighbouring circuit;—in the leather line—low in stature—intelligent—pert—hard-mouthed and hard-faced—a good preacher—an instructive companion—yet nothing ingratiating in his manner, either in or out of the pulpit.

JOHN JONES: of Welsh extraction;—in the stationary business—good sense and reading, but the latter not brought to bear effectively on his pulpit ministrations—speech and action, as if touched with paralysis—borne with rather than courted.

WILLIAM ROBINSON: a teacher of youth;—a good creature—unassuming—anxious to be useful—lacking physical energy—made but little way—more esteemed as a man and a Christian than as a preacher.

JOHN FOSTER: a sawyer;—above the average height—muscular in his build, but often ailing in his chest—sterling sense—well read in the Word of God—an admirable textuist—a little

too fond of spiritualizing, which would have met with no disfavour from Benjamin Keach ; but apart from this, an excellent preacher, combining useful matter with warmth of feeling—fluent—serious—earnest without rant.

JOSEPH TUER : a fine, natural speaker—good style;—could work up a Scripture narrative, as blind Bartimeus, and others, with touching and telling effect—sharp spirited—shrewd—courteous—and free.

WILLIAM SMITH : a relative of Mr. Wesley by marriage;—wealthy;—neat, trim in person;—below the middle size;—not profound, but good matter, and respectable style. Resident in Newcastle, so also, was

WILLIAM HAILS : an excellent Hebrew scholar ; a good, sound preacher ; defended Christianity against Volney's attacks in his *Ruins of Empires*, and the Divinity of Christ against Socinianism.

Among others that might be named, at different periods, as transferred from the local to the itinerant ranks, two young men may be mentioned, who were proposed for the itinerant ministry by Mr. Bramwell,—James Everett and Abraham E. Farrar ; the former of whom travelled his first year in the Sunderland circuit, and domiciled with Mr. Bramwell ; and the latter succeeded him the year after. In the welfare of these two young men Mr. Bramwell felt a warm interest, and manifested towards them a tender paternal feeling. Both are referred to in a "Memoir of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. William Bramwell, by Members of his Family;" (1848) a Memoir distinguished for good taste, point, elegance, truthfulness, and the stirring materials of which it is composed. Neither of these youths were without "*fruit*"—one of John Wesley's qualifications for a call to the ministry. To Abraham Farrar's ministry, Dr. Jabez Burns, and the still more celebrated Rev. Thomas Binney, trace their early serious religious impressions ; to whom

may be added, John Reay, Esq., of Carville,—a gentleman noted round all the pit districts for his strong practical sense, genuine piety, and unbounded benevolence, and as one of the early friends of the far-famed GEORGE STEPHENSON: while to the ministry of James Everett—the Rev. James Bartholomew and the Rev. Oliver Booth, two respectable Wesleyan Ministers, owe their early convictions of the necessity of personal religion. The celebrated Christopher Hopper, the fruit of Charles Wesley's ministry, Jacob Rowell, Edward Jackson, John Hosmer, who afterwards settled in Sunderland as a surgeon, and others, belong also to this vicinity.

These men might be multiplied by the score, rising from the humblest pretensions to respectability; either stammering out the love of God to man, like the Apostle's "weak brethren," or in a more elevated way, leading captive the head and the heart. It was part of John Wesley's plan, to find employment for all: and in this he carried out the designs of his God, who furnishes "*talent*," mental and physical, whether wealth, influence, or what else, for *use*; not allowing even "*one*" to be "tied up in a napkin" and quietly earthed. John Wesley neither despised the silver penny nor the grain of gold,—the one bearing the image and superscription of royalty as well as the sovereign, and the other enhanced in value when united to kindred grains.

Towards this class of instructors Betty carried herself without respect of persons; neither slighting any, nor yet keeping back from any one the genuine sentiments and feelings of her heart. A young man, whose name was on the local preacher's plan with most of the above, was often depressed in spirit, and strongly tempted to relinquish all pulpit efforts. He was appointed to preach at Penshar on a Sabbath forenoon, and walked with Betty to the chapel from Shiney-Row. Being a "Mother in Israel," the youth let out his doubts, his fears, his temptations, and purposes to Betty, with openness, confi-

dence, and simplicity. She watched over herself with godly jealousy; and this awakened in her occasional suspicions of the buddings and risings of human nature in others. Knowing that the young man was highly acceptable in his ministrations, and was in a fair way of entering the itinerant rank, she had an impression that he might possibly be angling for compliments, though greatly tried, timid, and also sincere, and cut his self-abasing views and feelings short, with—"I wish we may always be speaking the truth." Poor fellow! He felt abashed, and entered the pulpit under the impression of having one for a hearer that might be haunted with the temptations if not suspicion, that he was either a liar or a hypocrite, or both. He forgave her, but never ceased to remember her.

When the public missionary meetings commenced in Methodism, somewhere about 1814, on the death of Dr. Coke, there were large annual gatherings at Shiney-Row, and all the principal places in the connexion, on which occasions the Allens kept open house for dinner and tea. At the close of the tea, on one of the occasions, Betty accosted the party in her own frank way, without any delicacy of feeling or circumlocution;—"Now friends, I wish to know whether you intend to come back to supper; if you do, tell me, and I will have it ready, and stop in the house; if not, then I will go to chapel. "Who would have presumed to stop after this? And yet, the party had already ample proof that it did not originate in any want of hospitality or friendship, from their welcome and the provision made for them. She had confined herself to the house through the day for their sake;—the meetings were new;—their object—the salvation of the perishing heathen—had wound itself round the deepest sympathies of her heart;—most of the friends were from a distance, and as the meetings were often prolonged to a late hour, she knew they would be hastening home immediately after the service, which rendered it the less

necessary to remain behind. Hence, her address was like that of a parent to her children,—being under no obligation—having nothing to fear—nothing to conceal—and exercising common right, stript of the formalities of social life, to which she had never vowed allegiance, further than that of a straightforward course.

The preacher, it may be remarked, did not always return home after the meeting; and, in some cases, was disposed to indulge himself a little longer than the stated time for breakfast, next morning. However, Betty was up with the lark, and knocking at the chamber-door of her guest, she asked, "Are you ready for breakfast?" This being responded to in the affirmative, she remarked, it being an hour before the usual time, "When folk take good suppers, they are not always ready for breakfast so soon; but I am ready for mine." "Why," said the preacher, as if he had been suspected of faring better than others, "you got as good a supper as me; you had coffee and bread, and so had I." This settled, they both appeared at the breakfast-table, where, among other things, were some boiled eggs, when Betty gave forth one of her utterances, in reverting to early days, saying, "How things are changed? Eggs to breakfast!" None of these things, when they set up house with three three-legged stools; none when the preacher's horse was stabled in the kitchen. "Eggs to breakfast!" was her grateful exclamation. As though Willy himself had mistaken the feeling that gave rise to it, he—a very uncommon thing—obtruded a remark, "What are they laid for, but to eat?" "Laid for," she exclaimed, still retaining the feeling, but making a transfer of the article for higher purposes, by way of heightening its value,— "What are they laid for! for puddings to be sure!" Willy had not thought of this, but Betty who had to cater for dinner, was led to look beyond the present moment, and concluded, in adjusting matters for the

mouth, that the breakfast could better dispense with its eggs, than the dinner with its pudding, still devoting the gift of providence to the purposes of human life. Mr. H., however, as he was only to have one meal with the family, was not much disposed to cede any thing to the pudding, as he would not be present to partake of it, and the eggs were already boiled.

As the annual missionary meetings approached, they were hailed with solid religious feeling, without anything like effervescence—the latter not being found in the nature of any of the family—and ample provision was made for attendant guests. But they were not without their insect cares and anxieties, on the part of Betty, who was not to be interrupted in her arrangements, and who was as punctilious in the timing, as in the ordering of them. Dinner came on, after a missionary service in the forenoon. The Rev. Richard Watson was the preacher, and was rather talkative at the dinner-table, in company with Mr. Robert Young, John Hobson, and others. Betty, in the midst of his effusions, looked him steadily, not to say sternly, in the face, and then, pointing her finger to the clock, which stood like a sentinel against the wall, said—“Do you see that clock there? Recollect the chapel?” Never was damper more calculated to cool an oven, than this remark from Betty; the gentleman’s vivacity instantly fled, and a silent meeting succeeded.

The good woman was anxious that as many of the family and friends should attend the meeting as could possibly go, and also, that all should be punctual as to time; for she would never allow one duty to interfere with another; would no more suffer late attendance, than the smoke to evaporate from the pudding or potatoes, Impressed with the destitute condition of the heathen, as reflected from the platform, she furthered, in every proper way, the attendance of all, on those occasions,

over whom she had any influence, or with whom she was in any way connected, that their prayers and benefactions might further the great object of Christian Missions. The wretchedness at home, notwithstanding the means employed to prevent and alleviate it, led her, in her silent moments, to feel more deeply for the heathen abroad, to relieve whose miseries she regularly subscribed. Indeed, the stream of charity was constantly flowing from the Allens, as has been seen. They contributed not only to the first erection of the chapel, but on its enlargement, together with the renewal of the lease, and the erection of two schools, not less than £500. Omitting other charities, the mission to the heathen among the Wesleyans was their pet charity. Among these Institutions, whether it regards the Moravians, the Baptists, the Established Church, or others, certainly THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY is worthy of more than ordinary support, being the only *unsectarian* society for the foreign work, as it neither sends Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, nor Independency to the Heathen, but the Gospel of Christ. But for this Society, Dr. Livingston would, in all probability, have been lost to the missionary cause; and the amazing discoveries which he has made, and through which commerce, art, and science, are likely to gain such accessions, might have remained, for coming ages, in impenetrable darkness. This Society, as well as others, met with a kindly greeting at Shiney-Row.

In the missionary meetings the Rev. David Mc Nichol, noticed in a preceding page, was one of those stars who, when he brought his powers to the work, shone with unusual brilliancy. He was rarely without a book in his hand, when not otherwise necessarily employed. On retiring to his room at Shiney-Row, instead of folding himself in the sheets from the loom, he took up those from the paper-mill, and sat up to the noon of night, and sometimes beyond, to thumb the pages

of some favourite author. What more tempting to such a man! A chair, a table, a comfortable room and snug fire, "free and easy," and all alone! What a luxury, in present enjoyment, and by way of anticipation, on each returning visit! Balancing, now and then, on the two hinder legs of a chair, with his feet on each side of the fire-place;—winter, perhaps, on the outside, with its pattering hail, its moaning wind, its ice, and its snow, to heighten the enjoyment within, and, may be, a few odd winks after dinner, to preserve the inmate a little more wakeful during the later hour! How unkind to break in upon such enjoyment. Betty, however, was soon in his wake. The entire of the candle was regularly consumed. Detection was at hand. "How much candle did you give the preacher?" was the question proposed to the servant, who replied, that she always put a whole candle into the candlestick, which was taken up to the chamber. "What can the man do with it?" was the next question, accompanied with something like surprise; adding, "he cannot burn it, he will never waste it, and as sure he will never take it away with him." The girl intimated that he very likely sat up to read. "Read!" was the reply; "when other folks are sleeping. Let him go to bed, and read in the day time, when other folks are working. But I will cure him of that. See, after this, that you put just as much candle in the stick, as will help him to say his prayers, and put off his clothes," David's intellectual banquet, alas, was closed, and he was compelled to wait till the time of the singing of birds should come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land, before he could indulge in a substitute for his "Winter Evenings' Entertainments" at Shiney-Row. This interdict of Betty arose, not so much from fear of his reading in bed, and setting fire to the curtains, or a desire to save expense, as from the general notion she had of "times and seasons for all things;"—the impropriety, in short, of turning night into day, and

day into night, of injuring his health by abridging sleep, and of disarranging domestic matters by late rising, and still later breakfasts. She never attempted to apologize, or to reason, on such occasions. She was purely instinctive; had a kind of intuitive knowledge of right and wrong,—of what, in a humble and circumscribed sense, may be denominated “the fitness of things.” A fear of the charge of parsimony, never once seemed to be entertained. When she spoke, she rarely waited for a reply; she expected the answer, either in silent submission, or prompt compliance: a matter, not owing to a sense of self-sufficiency on her part, or a feeling of right to rule, but a sense of duty on the part of those concerned. David was more the man of absorption than of negligence or forgetfulness. On one occasion, when at Shiney-Row on a missionary errand, he was lost to the company for some time. A friend finding it necessary to retire a few moments, found David, where least expected, absorbed in thought, with his book in his hand.

A somewhat more serious affair was now on the *tapis*, which Betty as little expected as she was ill prepared to meet, though she and her partner had set the example. William, the nephew, who succeeded to the business, made up his mind to enter into the marriage state. He found some delicacy in opening the subject to his aunt. But according to the old adage, “He that hath love in his heart, hath spurs in his sides;” and he was impelled by that which was stirring within, to make known the secret. Once divulged, she asked, “Whei’s gan to hev thee? a poor sickly creatur! Stop an’ see thea way clear furst!” Betty seemed to go on the old principle, “Who weds before he be wise, shall die before he thrive.” The nephew, however, was of opinion he had wisdom sufficient to act in such matter, and in reply to his aunt’s query, he stated he had found a person who would accept his offer, and named the servant. To this she was sternly opposed; and asked, “Where wilt

thee go to?" adding "for thou's no live here." She was, however, at length toned down; and some little time after, said to her husband, "Wully, we must build them a house. There's a bit of ground in such a place;" naming it: we will build upon it, and it will do." The ground was purchased—a house was built, and fitted up—and the servant made the nephew an excellent wife. It may be added, that Betty, unintentionally glided into the same authority in the house of her nephew, as in her own, in her intercourse with the family, for which both were prepared—the one having been brought up by her from a child, and the other from a recollection of her position as a servant. They were also well versed in the aunt's temper and peculiarities, and knew that she was solely interested in their welfare; and by a little patience, forbearance, and management, they held harmoniously together, each receiving all that could be reasonably either wished or expected. The "twain" especially, that had become "one," had a more "comfortable sitting down," than either uncle or aunt with their joint stock of "three three-legged stools." Some wit has said, that all women are *good for something* or *good for nothing*. But this reflection on the women, will equally apply to the men. Both, in the present case, were good, not only civilly and socially, but religiously. William, being a man of a gentle, tender spirit, exercised considerable leniency towards some of his customers, who were supposed, nevertheless, open to improvement by a little sharp practice; for even customers may be indulged to their hurt. When the position of a defaulter become perilous, and craving, reproof, or remonstrance was rendered necessary, he was in the habit of sending for his aunt, who was in a room at hand. A look—a word—instantly, either silenced all dispute, or settled the business, and so cleared the way

From 1820 to 1823, William Allen, sen., was much afflicted. His sufferings were borne with submission to the divine will. Aware that death was approaching, he settled all his temporal affairs, and closely examined the ground of his faith and hope. There were no works of supererogation to spare for others. Attentive as he had been to the house and ordinances of God, numerous as were his benefactions, scrupulously and laboriously as he had employed himself in the education of youth, and various as were his gratuitous services to friends and strangers, he felt painfully impressed, when under strong temptation, with the comparative uselessness of his life. Alas, "if the righteous are scarcely saved," even in their own esteem, "where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" He rested his hope of heaven on the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ. There was nothing of an ecstatic character connected with his death, as there had been no appearance of it in his life. It was a calm sun-set; the clouds were unfringed with gold. To one, he said, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." To another, "Had I now to seek religion, I should be in an awful state; but, blessed be God, I have it in possession." He exhorted such persons as called upon him, whom he had reason to believe were destitute of experimental religion, to seek after it with earnestness, in order to secure a safe and peaceful death. He was full of grateful feeling; and, on one occasion, exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." Just before his death, he said to a friend who stood by the side of his bed, "I feel firm footing on the Rock of Ages. Jesus is precious to me." He died, April 10th, 1823, in the seventy-third year of his age. No wonder that the "Rock of Ages" should be present in the mind of a man, who had hewn his way through rocks below; one who, in "deaths

oft," had escaped with life and limb; one who had been delivered from the "pit;" and one who, in early life, had "a new song put into his mouth;"—looking back "on all the way which the Lord had led him through the wilderness." Happy he who merits the epitaph—" *Here lies an honest man.*" He left his brother Charles—being always considered as master—£1600., independent of everything else.

Though Betty knew his walk and his spirit, anticipated his removal some time before it took place, and had full confidence in his eternal happiness, the dispensation was painfully felt. She mourned like a bird of paradise. Her mate had left her side. She sighed, and sobbed, and wept; and then, with composure, gave utterance to—"Thy will be done."

For some years, regular deputations had attended the missionary meetings at Shiney-Row, as referred to elsewhere. On one of these occasions, Mr. Gaulter was appointed to the Newcastle-on-Tyne district. He travelled in the Sunderland circuit in 1790-1, and Newcastle in 1792. From that period, till after the death of her husband, Betty had not seen him. His name was dear to her; and was dear also to many in the north of England. He was intelligent, and well read; a little too partial to the ornate in language, but kind-hearted, and possessed of fine social qualities. Pity the man or woman—apart from a touch of innocent egotism about him—that could be in the company of John Gaulter without loving him, and receiving instruction from his lips. He was to attend a missionary meeting at Shiney-Row. Betty—never in an ecstasy with anything—met him with calm, deep feeling. He embraced, and gave her an apostolic "salute." She wept; was affected with his kindness—turned to early days—thought of her husband's death—and next on her widowhood! While in social intercourse, after the meeting was concluded, and referring to the progress of religion at home and abroad, Mr.

Gaulter exclaimed in familiar phrase, directing his eye and discourse to Betty—"What would Willy have given to see the doings of this day,—but he is gone!" Betty, with deep emotional feeling, her eyes beaming benevolence, said—"Wully Allen shall never die while Betty lives!" This, of course, was interpreted into the continued payment of his annual contributions into the missionary exchequer: but no, Betty carried her purpose beyond that. Next morning, without the least preamble, she requested her nephew to put the horse into the gig, and to drive her to Durham. She alighted at the door of her legal oracle, Mr. Ward, in whom her cares and confidence were never misplaced, and by whose counsel she was never misled, requesting him to draw up a legal instrument in favour of the missionary society for £100., the interest of which, at £5. per cent., was to be paid into the fund for the benefit of the missions, so long as British money should circulate as a currency.

A journey such as this, at this period, was exceedingly rare. She seldom stirred abroad, except when she went to chapel, or visited the poor people in the village. On another occasion however, she was found at Sunderland. "It is a wonder, Mrs. Allen," said Mrs. Longridge, the widow of her old friend, "to see you so far from home." Not at all disconcerted, though the social party was large, she replied, "Why, it is; but they would have me to come to see and hear the great man there is such talk about; so I thought as he might never come to see me in such a bit place as ours, I would come to see him." On this utterance, there was a smothered titter through the whole party. The "great man" referred to, was the Rev. Robert Newton, who was seated in the room, personally unknown to her, and who, though he had repeatedly officiated in Sunderland, had never visited Shiney-Row. It passed off without further notice by those who knew her; and as she had

said nothing but what was complimentary, in her own homely way, to Mr. Newton, she had no apology to bestow. That Mr. Newton had not up to that time visited Shiney-Row, is the more remarkable, from the fact of his having preached in almost every nook and corner in the kingdom. Dr. Bunting, as a sally of pleasantry on this amiable weakness of his friend Newton, who was ready on all occasions to answer a call, if but a finger was lifted up, as by the guard of an omnibus, beckoned to a friend at Pooley-Bridge, a cluster of houses at the foot of Ulswater, on seeing an advertisement affixed to a May-pole, saying—"Let us see whether Mr. Newton is to be here." It was an announcement for what was called a "loosening," combining with it shooting, dancing, and other sports. On running the eye over the contents, the doctor drily said, with a touch of affected disappointment—"He is not to be in the neighbourhood."

The famous "Billy Dawson" was one of the preachers who was engaged in the opening services of Shiney-Row chapel, when enlarged. His subject was the "Horrible Pit," Ps. xl. 1—3; a subject as well suited to his own peculiar genius, and his official position as the superintendent of a colliery, as to the neighbourhood in which it was delivered. Betty sat in the front of the gallery. It was only a few days after the death of his old friend, Samuel Hick, which was adverted to by him, and from which he glided into the death of William Allen, the patron of the chapel before its enlargement, and the benefactor of the neighbourhood. He depicted, in one of his own fine imaginative moods, and with thrilling effect, William—sainted in heaven—waiting to hail his partner—and then, in homelier phrase, adapted to a colliery district, heaven coming down to Shiney-Row, and Shiney-Row taken up to heaven,—Willy coming down for Betty, and Betty going up to Willy, till the whole audience was in a whirl of thought and of feeling,—

sobbing, weeping, smiling,—the chapel resounding with “Hallelujah,” “Glory be to God.” &c., as though the chariots of salvation were in waiting to escort every prepared soul from Shiney-Row to shining seats in the temple above, of which the Lamb in the midst of the throne is the light.

The chapel having been enlarged at considerable expense, Mr. Bell enquired, some time after this,—“Well, Mrs. Allen, how do you stand with the chapel?” subjoining, “I am afraid it will rest rather heavy upon you.” “Aye, bairn,” she replied, “nothing shall be wanting while Betty lives!” The house of God was in the good woman’s heart, as much as it was in the heart of David to build one. Her chief expenses were in association with it. Tea and dinner parties—and they were numerous—were not drawn together for the sake of company, but invariably in consequence of occasional sermons, and other services in connection with the schools, the missions, and the chapel. “Aye, bairn,” she further observed, “God, and his people, and the preachers, are the only persons I’ve desired to hev communion wuth ever sin’ aw was convarted.”

It was a disappointment to her if the preachers did not sleep at the house, especially in winter, after the evening service; forming a striking contrast to an old lady, eight or ten miles west of Sheffield, who would have stolen from the supper-table to look out of doors, in order to ascertain the state of the weather; returning with the best possible account of the appearance of the atmosphere and the heavens, as a hint to the preacher to prepare to turn out, and the servant to get the horse ready; the former to grope his way along the lonely lanes, and stumble over rough roads, as providence or accident might dispose. Not so, Betty Allen. “You are not going to Sunderland to-night,” said she to Mr. Bell, who was preparing for travel; adding, “What do you mean by going along the roads at this time of night, when there is a good bed provided

for you?" "Mrs. Bell is rather poorly," was the reason assigned. "Is she an ailing woman?" was the next question, which was answered in the negative. "If she is," added Betty, "it is your blame, for you took her with your eyes open; but if it was after, why, the more the pity." Mr. Bell said, "Persons who have families—and we have several children—wish to be near them." Betty: "Aye, children weaken the constitution; and folk, like ourselves, that have none, are not always able to judge. But you need not leave; your wife will take care of them." Mr. Bell pleasantly observed, "Are you not aware that we are to love our wives as Christ loved the church?" Betty: "Yes." Mr. Bell: "How does Christ love the church? Do you think that Christ would go away and leave the church for a whole night?" Betty: "You are never short of a reason when you want your own way." This short cut of logic, which, to others, would have been open to some objection, partly satisfied her, and he was allowed to depart in peace.

SECTION XV.

THE ministerial staff, appointed by Conference, from 1820 to 1830, including two or three appointments for 1819, may be allowed to pass without lengthened remark. However, though far from brilliant, four will admit of a passing notice. John Walmsly, Alexander Bell, William Leech, and Samuel Jackson. The first was an effective preacher—not unfrequently impassioned—and sometimes rose to eloquence;—the second free, loose, warm-hearted, and useful;—the third, shrewd, clear-headed, pointed, systematic, and elaborate; and the fourth, a strong-minded man, with a fair share of originality, naturally

rough in the grain, and of a rasping character, but possessed of as much prudence and self-denial, as to retain the respectability of the pulpit. Such were some of the preceptors of the Allen family towards the close of their pilgrimage.

Death again broke in upon the small circle in the course of 1827, on the 19th of the last month of which year William Allen, jun., died. He was naturally a delicate plant, and had been trained up in the house from childhood. In early life, 1803, he directed his serious thoughts to religion, and in 1815, became a class-leader. With a fair share of intelligence, he possessed the generosity of his uncle and aunt, and was also distinguished for meekness and modesty. As a man of business, he was highly respected for the soundness of his principles. Every religious and benevolent institution in the neighbourhood shared in his benefactions, and only required the public good as a recommendation; while the suavity of his manners rendered his munificence doubly grateful. In his last illness, he encouraged his partner in the discharge of her duties as a Christian and a mother. A little before his death, his venerable aunt asked him—"Art thou happy?" That instant,—his face beaming with joy, he clasped both her hands in his, and with fervour responded—"Perfectly happy! perfectly happy!" A few minutes before his dissolution, his brother Charles said, "We must soon part." "Yes," he replied; "but we shall soon meet again. Only take care to be ready." These were his last words. In the space of ten minutes, he breathed his spirit into the hands of God.

"We shall soon meet again!" This was next to prophetic. Yet, so "*soon*" as was actually the case, they scarcely anticipated a fraternal greeting. On the 12th of the June following, Charles died in the 31st year of his age. Poor Charles inherited a hasty, peevish temper. Two or three times he took trips to sea, and then bound himself three years to a sea-

faring life. When out of his apprenticeship, his parents and friends, dissuaded him from the dangers of the deep. He then entered the service of his brother William. A love of liquor beset him. His conduct became a heavy affliction to the family. Nor was he less miserable in himself,—sinning and repenting — resolving, promising, and relapsing; each fall embittering the recollection of its predecessor by its consequences; coming back upon the soul, like the tones of the human voice in its echo upon the ear. In vain have men been attempting, ever since the fatal fruit was plucked in paradise, to separate moral delinquency from its natural consequences; but as certainly as night follows day, and death follows life, the consequences of our actions will confront us either here or hereafter. Consequences are the echoes of our actions, and will meet us either in joy or in sorrow, according to the character they have sustained, whether good or bad. A person's actions will even re-appear in the character of others; such actions being among those influences which contribute to its formation; and especially when bad, as we are much more apt to catch the sickness than the health of another. Example is potent for good or evil, and the latter most so, owing to the depravity of human nature. How often does a man see the lineaments of his own character indelibly impressed upon that of another? The actions of poor Charles did not only come back upon him in the character of others, whom he had drawn aside, but also upon himself in their painful consequences. He at length had his attention roused to the subject of personal religion, under the ministry of the Rev. John Farrar, sen.—a sound, faithful, bold, thundering preacher, as already noticed, somewhere about 1819. For the space of three years, his conduct corresponded with his Christian profession. He relapsed, but was again restored. He advanced in personal piety. The death of his brother William had a salutary effect upon him.

He observed, on one occasion, "There are only two things which bind me to life a little longer;—to see my brother's children reared to maturity, and the chapel enlarged to accommodate the crowds that wish to hear the word of life. William's two daughters, and little boy, were attended to without his supervision; one daughter was afterwards married to the Rev. Daniel West, and the other to the Rev. Joseph Officer, Wesleyan Ministers, who stepped into the possession of £2000. each.* Charles, however, in the midst of all his wanderings, ended life in hope and peace, while the Rev. Samuel Dunn was praying with him.

To return to the daughters—for the boy died young—when they grew up, with the probability of a competency before them, their guardians proposed to send them to a boarding-school. This was a severe trial to Betty, owing to her own training, and the specimens of *ladyism* † which had occasionally been

* Mr. West, after travelling some years in England, was sent on a Deputation to the Wesleyan Mission Stations, on the gold coast, Western Africa. He died in the prime of life, full of promise, on his return home, leaving his widow and children to deplore his loss. A Memoir has been published of him. He was a man of good taste, correct judgment, and an excellent preacher.

† Betty, without knowing it, was a genuine follower of John Wesley in this respect, who represents a parent, in his sermon on "Family Religion," asking, "What shall I do with my Girls?" and answers, "By no means send them to a large Boarding-School. In these seminaries the children teach one another pride, vanity, affectation, intrigue, artifice, and, in short, everything which a Christian woman ought not to learn. Suppose a girl were well-inclined, yet what would she do in a crowd of children, not one of whom has any thought of God, or the least concern for her soul? Is it likely, is it possible, she should retain any fear of God, or any thought of saving her soul, in such company? especially as their whole conversation points another way, and turns upon things which one would wish she would never think of. I never yet knew a pious, sensible woman that had been bred at a large boarding-school, who did not aver, one might as well send a young maid to be bred at Drury-Lane." This is certainly sufficiently seasoned; but John had both eyes and ears open in travelling from place to place.

forced on her homely views and feelings. The "Ladies' Association for the diffusion of sanitary knowledge, and the Promotion of Physical Education, for instructing the lower classes of women how to live," &c., which are now springing into vogue, would have better comported with Betty's notions, when properly explained, than "Boarding Schools for Young Ladies;" though she might still have boggled at the term *Ladies' Association*, for such purposes, as she would also have been staggered with the notion of a *Gentleman's Association* for the education of the father of the girls, from a common sense persuasion, that such persons, would not be the "Right Men in the Right Place," for the sanitary training of the "sons of toil"—for the purpose of teaching them "*how to live!*" The general notion exists—however defined and illustrated—that, when persons unite together for the purpose of teaching each other "*how to live,*"—they are all *men and women*, and sticking to terms, objects of amelioration and elevation are not sufficiently estimated. Without entering upon the general question, Betty was hostile to the proposal.

The family group—never large—was regularly diminishing. Bishop Burgess has a touching, yet ingenious illustration of the passing realities of life, which, by a simple change of numbers, will apply to the social and religious society at Shiney-Row. "Ten thousand human beings," says he, "set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one third at least have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, and lie down to rise no more. At three score and ten, a band of some four hundred struggle on. At ninety, these have been reduced to a handful of trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers,

perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished."

So, Charles Allen, senior, one of the first members of the society at Shiney-Row, during whose pilgrimage hundreds had fallen by his side, disappeared at the patriarchal age of *eighty*, March 5, 1832,—leaving, perhaps not half a dozen, who started life with him, to complete the century, and still fewer in the society, who united themselves to it in the prime of life with himself. Upwards of half a century, he had distinguished himself for exemplary piety, and sustained the office of a class-leader, and thus dropped into the grave, like ripe fruit from the tree, to be gathered into the garner of God. He was a child in simplicity, a ministering spirit to the afflicted, and a living treasury to meet the temporal and spiritual wants of the necessitous; bequeathing for religious purposes the sum of £600.

This excellent man, who might have paced side by side with the "beloved" John, who, according to tradition, died at the advanced age of one hundred, attained that period of life at which age is always beautiful, when it has not outlived benevolence and the love of God. "Then," as Rogers remarks in his *Selections from the Correspondence of Gregson*, "the whole face is a commentary on the conservative power of virtue. The change from youth is perceptible enough, but it is all legitimate—the soft chiselling of time alone—none of the rents, scars, and deep furrows which turbulent passions leave behind them. Such features are eloquent of goodness and its rewards." But, alas! how sadly corroborative, as is justly said by the same writer, of the Scripture doctrine of the fall, is the general history of old age, not so much in its physical decay, or in the contraction of the intellectual faculties which accompanies it, as its withering effect upon the heart!

The old man, in nearly ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is fallen so deeply, that only death can carry him a step further. The snow on his head is only an emblem of the selfishness of his heart; the wrinkles on his brow but too faithfully reflect the cares which eat up his spirit; and the frailty of his limbs only indicates his reluctance to bestir himself in the cause of others; and if, as often it happens, he be at once sick of life and afraid of death, how melancholy his flight! It is a dismal thought, that the mere act of living reduces so many to moral as well as physical ruin. With Charles Allen, all was calm and peaceful. His death was an evening sunset, in a serene sky, over the bosom of a lake without a ripple. Not a cloud settled on his face.

Betty, whose life was a struggle with herself, and who required a super-eminent degree of grace to enable her to contest the field, shewed by her sincerity, her constancy, her singleness of purpose, her disinterestedness, her benevolence, her strong attachment to the temple, the ministers, and the ordinances of God, that her Divine Master was her companion in battle; and though often "faint," was ever seen "pursuing." As was her life, such was her death. Though she sank into comparative dotage—she often wept on awakened recollections; but still retained her peace, and dwelt, as far as thought could aid her, on the realities of eternity in connection with a religious life. There is great truth in the figurative language ascribed to Whitfield—"An ounce of grace will go as far in some persons as a pound in others." Charles and William had but little to contend with, in comparison of Betty. A gentle spirit is half the game in the exercises of life, and will set a person off with a better grace before the church and the world, than many possessed of a larger amount of internal religion. "Judge not according to appearances," meets us in many instances as a timely rebuke.

Betty, who survived her brother-in-law, Charles, left, among other bequests, under the trust of Michael Longridge, William Longridge, and Stephen Watson;—£100 on interest, to the school;—£400 at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., to keep the preachers on the occasion of their visiting Shiney-Row, some time after which, it is stated, the cost of the preachers amounted to £10, and then to £8 per annum, the surplus being given, partly to the quarterly board and partly to Houghton-le-Spring;—£100, the interest of which was directed to be given annually to poor widows within two miles of Shiney-Row, respecting which some enquiry might be made;—and £300 towards the erection of a new chapel in the neighbourhood of Penshar.

We have in the ALLENS a specimen family selected from the many thousands that have been religiously benefited, and raised into respectability and usefulness, through the instrumentality of Methodism.

The ministerial teachers of the Allens, together with the Allens themselves, with only two or three exceptions, have all gone to rest; and the exceptive cases, from the way in which they have been introduced, can give no offence. Two or three remarks, by way of conclusion, may not be improper, on the subject of Methodist success. To what, under God, is its secret to be traced? We have its key mainly, in the statement of the Apostle to the Gentiles,—“*so we preach, and so ye believed.*” Preach up a dry morality, and the people generally speaking, will proceed no further. The Apostles preached the truth as it was in Jesus—the people believed—held it—were sanctified by it, and made free.

For the space of one hundred and twenty years, the Wesleyans have never swerved from the essentials of Apostolic teaching—in doctrines, experience, and practice. They are

found now, precisely where they first took their stand ; holding with tenacious grasp, the leading verities of the Christian faith. Even the offshoots are found uniform here. The disruptions, as is often the case, have originated chiefly, if not solely, in *disciplinary* matters ; and as these have had most of *man* in them, there has been less of *God* about them. Still, the offshoots have taken away with them the genuine sap of the parent stock,—a sufficient portion, to change the allusion, of the old leaven, to produce fermentation, and to work with effect. The New Connexion lives, the Primitives live ; and so on, with others—each rigidly adhering to first principles,—to first faith, experience, and practice : differing only in non-essentials, yet these sufficiently important in the esteem of each, to preserve them distinct,—glorying in essential identity with circumstantial difference.

The character of the ministry has been stated, in tracking the footsteps of the Allens ;—plain, unadorned, yet effective ; not elevated, but powerful ;—“ the right man in the right place ; ”—ploughers, hedgers, ditchers ;—the masses uncultivated ;—briars, thorns, weeds, rank and wild. What would rings, fine fingers, and silken hose, have done among the colliers of Kingswood and Newcastle, and others equally untamed ? Jeremiah must be heard in the midst of them, mingling with his wailings the message of God ;—“ The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream ; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully : What is the chaff to the wheat ? saith the Lord. Is not my word like as a fire, saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces ? Things go in pairs,—

The *hammer* and the *FIRE*,
The *CHAFF* and the *WHEAT*,
The *PULPIT* and the *PEW*.

The hammer will break—the fire will melt—the chaff will

fly before the breath of heaven—the wheat will be gathered into the garner—the pulpit will act upon the pew. “Like priest like people.” So goes the proverb. Arthur’s “TONGUE OF FIRE” was in the Wesleyan pulpit before he was born; and now that it has appeared in type, it is hoped, it will continue, as it has done, to run like fire among the priests, till every pulpit and every pew is in a blaze,—each individual exclaiming “Thy zeal hath eaten me up.” Buy it; read it.

It is somewhat remarkable, that John Wesley’s biographers have not attempted to shew how much of the Puritan was embodied in his character, and its direct influence on his thinkings and his habits, as received through the medium of his excellent mother, from his grandfather *Dr. Annesley*. His father had made a transfer of himself from Nonconformity to Episcopalianism, and did battle with Mr. Palmer in a “REPLY” to his “Vindication of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian Behaviour of the Dissenters towards the Church of England.” As John’s father had gone over to Episcopalianism, carrying with him the stern, devout spirit that inspired the breasts of the Nonconformists, so John, while *professing* to be a member of the Church of England, transferred himself, body, soul, and spirit, to Methodism, and lived in its midst,—as much apart in its discipline, and places of worship, from the Church of England, as are the Dissenters. And much as he owed to the Moravians, he shewed what was in the “hidden man of the heart,” in the veneration in which the Puritans and Nonconformists were held, by the re-issue of so many detached portions of their works, at a heavy cost, in fifty volumes, under the title of the “*Christian Library*.” From this fountain John himself drank; and from it—as it was his intention they should—his preachers quenched their thirst for Puritanic lore. Here the Puritanic spirit was imperceptibly working its way from the printed works of the writers into the

Wesleyan pulpit, and from the pulpit to the pew; and that spirit brought down upon preachers and people the same obloquy and the same opposition, so far as the "carnal mind" was allowed to shew itself, as in earlier times, in the days of the Jameses and Charleses,—only more rampant in the days of the latter.

Take a few specimens. Piety and sin never meet but there is a "pitch-battle." Piety discharges the fire of its zeal against sin, and sin spits out the venom of its malice against piety. Waving the opprobrious epithets applied to Methodism, because of the piety found in the pulpit and the pew, Robinson observes, in his Notes on Claude, "It is fashionable to account the Puritans of the last age a gloomy generation," and then asks, "was it fair to persecute and ruin people, and next to reproach them for not being merry?" not forgetting to affirm, nevertheless, and that justly, "that these gloomy men have a satirical vein of pointed wit, that runs merrily through all their writings, which electrifies their persecutors as it runs." Among these men were to be found some of the first divines of the day. And yet, what was the character they sustained from the High-Church party? Puritan ministers!" says Clarendon; "factional schismatical preachers! there was not one learned man among them." (Hist. Vol. II.) Dugdale vituperates, in the same style, "Puritan preachers! mere pupilteachers! men neither of learning nor conscience! poisoning in their schismatical lectures the people with their anti-monarchical principles." (Pref. to View of Troubles, &c.) Nelson follows in the same strain: "Puritan preachers! a spiritual militia; neither parsons, vicars, nor curates; but like the order of the friars predicants, tickling the ears of the people with legends and miracles, debauching the people with principles of disloyalty! All their pulpit harangues are nothing but the repeated echoes of the votes, orders, remonstrances, and declarations of

Westminster." (Collections.) Royalty too, enters the list of defamers: thus, Charles I.,—"Preachers! men of no learning, no conscience, furious promoters of dangerous innovations, turbulent and seditious in disposition, scandalous in life, imposed upon parishes to infect and poison the minds of the people." (Declar. Augt. 12, 1642.) Dr. Walker collected a whole folio volume of articles tending to prove these charges. Yet Robinson, on good authority, charges some of the clergy with preaching the sermons of the men they abused. "Odd fate," says he, "of a Puritanical sermon! Studied in a jail, preached under a hedge, printed in a garret, sold at a pedlar's stall, bought by a priest's footman, uttered from a pulpit in a cathedral, applauded by a bishop, and ordered to press by a grave session of gentry!"

Would that the staple of their sermons was more frequently met with in both church and chapel. The Puritans were the lights of the sanctuary in their day, and many a parish would have been without a gospel sermon, had it not been for Methodist preachers. These, by no means to be compared to the Puritans, for either intellect or learning; yet, though stigmatised as illiterate cobblers, chimney-sweepers, &c., some of these, like the Puritans, have appeared, if not in person, in their writings, in the pulpits of the Establishment. The late Joseph Entwisle attended the service of the parish church at Middleton, near Manchester, and had the gratification of hearing the minister read a printed sermon of his own.

It is cheering to hear of the efforts which are being made by the Independents, Congregationalists, and others, to bring the Puritans and Nonconformists more immediately before the public, through the medium of the pulpit and the press, and to see a large, cheap, and elegant re-issue of the works of the most gifted among them proceeding from the Scottish press. Success attend the enterprise.

Several of the ministerial teachers of the Allens, and others, in the coal districts, have passed in review before the reader; but it is chiefly the "outer man" that has been seen, with only such external indications as ordinarily allow a few gleams of light to be thrown upon the "hidden man of the heart." We are always anxious to penetrate the arcana; and one of these teachers, who used to stand up before the Allens, and perambulate the country, pouring out his thoughts, wrapt up in "Good Words," has allowed a glimpse into the interior, as copied from a M.S. written by his own hand, shewing the mental toil and anxiety of some of these laborious men, in the shape of *self-culture*, independent of the physical energy called into exercise in the life of an itinerant preacher—more properly, perhaps, of a missionary.

"In throwing the mind back," says he, "on the history of my pulpit preparations, I seem to detect three or four successive changes through which the whole had passed, as to the leading character and tone of my discourses. My first essays, uttered with fear and trembling, were simple, experimental, and practical; rarely doctrinal; mingling with the tender, "the terror of the Lord,"—pouring out vials of wrath on the impenitent, and bringing before the mind solemnly, impressively, and alarmingly, the weighty subjects of Death, Hell, and a future Judgment. Necessity being laid upon me, I was dragged to the work, rather than experiencing delight in it; bearing the cross, yet afraid to lay it aside. This was the most successful period of my ministry; at least, so it appeared to me, from tidings received in after years, on visiting the early scenes of my labours, from living witnesses, who claimed gospel-kindred with me. With this, was blended the *figurative*; and hence, in its train, followed metaphor, simile, comparison. This, though beset with perils, without good management, had many advantages to the rough and uneducated. These advantages

are pointed out by Fenelon, Abbé Besplas, Ostervald, Abbé Maury, Claude, Blair, Barron, Rollin, and others. Man is the subject of sense, and it is by this that the mind has to be raised to truth. His view is bounded and uncertain; and hence the necessity of giving bodies to thoughts which are to be presented to him, which, in turn, become the triumph of imagination, and the origin of that power it has obtained over man. Nearly all our words are an image, a trait, a lineament of some sensible thing. If we decompose the most common of our phrases, we shall scarcely find one which does not repeat an external object. In consequence of the familiarity of these primitive images, these metaphors, they become the elements of discourse. To address man with images, is at once to fix attention upon himself, upon nature, and upon the grandeurs which she unites, and with which she surrounds him. It is to impart to him the enjoyment of the empire of which he is a subject—that of sense. To interest him, it is necessary to paint; and the greatest painter in 'olden times,' was the first of orators. Cicero, the everlasting model of eloquence, abounds with images. In the simple outset of his *Catiline*, we have an accumulation of figures. The commencement of his second presents a number still greater, and more rich; and the third is a picture extremely animated. Bossuet owed the greatest part of his richness to the force of his pencil, and to the superb images with which he clothed his thoughts. The serious mind, however delicate, is not sufficient; much less the sparkling and the subtle. The metaphor, says Quintilian, contributes more than all other things to the beauty of discourses. Benjamin Keach was never admitted into my study, with his '*Tropologia, or Key to open Scripture Metaphors.*' Still, I could occasionally brouse in the meadows thrown open by Brown, in his '*Scripture Metaphors*;'—Mc Ewin on the '*Types*;'—an old writer edited by Jemmat, 1635, 4to., on the '*Types*;'—Vertue's *Divine*

'Parallels;'—old Robert Cowdry's 'Treasures, or Store-House of Similies, both Pleasaunt, Delightful, and Profitable, for all estates of men in general, and others of an imaginative character.' Persons of lively imagination are generally subject to declamation and hyperbole; and are but too apt to visit Master Coudry's 'Store-House,' when within reach. It is a hobby which young preachers are too ready to mount, as was the case occasionally with myself—till riper experience taught otherwise, which is sometimes at the cost of ministerial credit. I found that, without great caution, I should be carried further than was anticipated. I am thankful, however, that I was never tempted to visit the 'Song of Solomon' for a *text*; a garden in which some of the old divines were wont to revel, with less of delicacy than was fitting for the pulpit. It was visited by me for ordinary reading, not for the purpose of *spiritualizing*, for the *amusement* rather than the *edification* of the people. I was once or twice drawn aside by a living example, who was in the habit of spiritualizing portions of the books of the Prophets and the Psalms of David. To this, I added, by another living example, the *allegorical*. But I found both to be dangerous ground, so far as preaching was concerned; and it may almost be said, that both were given up before they were begun. Long detail of conformities between a figure and the thing represented by the figure, very often expose a person to say ridiculous things. This may be considered as the first stage of my public ministry; metaphor, with these slight admixtures, constituting its prominent feature.

"In the space of about ten years from the commencement, I threw more *reading* into my public addresses than I had previously done; and in addition to appeals to the conscience and the affections, furnished a fair proportion—with properly selected texts—of information for the enlightenment of the understanding. Here again I was placed in a somewhat

awkward position. Without an appeal to authorities, I was open to the charge of plagiarism; while an honest reference exposed me to the charge of pedantry. Discretion was necessary. The *essay* mode of preaching I heartily despised; as also the jingle of divisions, like so many jingling bells, formally announced. My plan was—to allow the text to speak for itself, and so allow God to be heard in his word; not so much to bring matter *to* it, as to allow the material of discourse to rise *out* of it. At this I aimed, and did my best—employing every proper aid to secure success. The people were *edified*; but a less frequent and powerful hold seemed to be made upon those who were *without*, as hearers.

“Without totally discarding my previous plans, a third, in the process of a few years, gradually rose out of the second—that of dealing in *critical niceties*. Into this, about the 16th or 18th year of my ministry, I entered more fully. It was dry work;—without either ‘the former’ or ‘latter rain;’ mere ‘chopt straw,’ I fear, to the people, and withering upon myself.

“To refresh my spirit and regain my strength, I plunged among the old Puritans, Nonconformists, and some of the best of the Episcopalians, for another baptism; the men with whom John Wesley would have his preachers to associate in his ‘*Christian Library*,’—men whom I had not forsaken, but with whom I had not been sufficiently at home. These ‘Princes in Israel’ brought me round again,—back, in fact, to the point at which I started, with increase of knowledge of course. From the first, with very few exceptions, I had but little relish for the modern pulpit,—read but few of the sermons which issued from it,—and had my library but meagerly furnished with its fruit, in consequence of it being embedded in so many leaves. Who can take up Baxter, Howe, Bates, Caryl, Manton, Jenkins, Oates, Poole, Trapp, Willet, Ward, T. Watson, Swinnocke, Flavel, W. Bridge, Dr. Preston, Boston,

Reynolds, T. Adams, Henry, Brightman, Alleine, W. Gouge, Burroughs, Brooks, Charnock, Byfield, Sibbs, Burgess, H. Smith, Sedgwick, Dyke, Love, Gale, Goodwin, Greenhill, Hardy, O. Heywood, Janeway, Boulton, Deering, Fenner, Jenkyn, Leighton, Jas. Hall, and hundreds of others,—promiscuously taken—without getting lighted by their torches, warmed by their fires? The men of the old school—no matter under what name, if wise and good, furnished me with a rich repast of ‘savoury meat,’ in which my ‘soul’ delighted. Often, in later years, have I regretted that I did not devote more time to their writings; and if life were to begin again, I would familiarize myself with them, till the whole soul was imbued with their spirit, their sentiments, their imagery, and the choicest portions of their outpourings,—omitting, of course, what would not harmonize with the improved taste of the times.”

It is not surprising to find “Gatherings from the Pit-Heaps,” when such hands as these are employed; and if this is a specimen of what was found in the PULPIT, and the Allens are specimens from the PEW, we may devoutly pray for an increase.

FINIS.